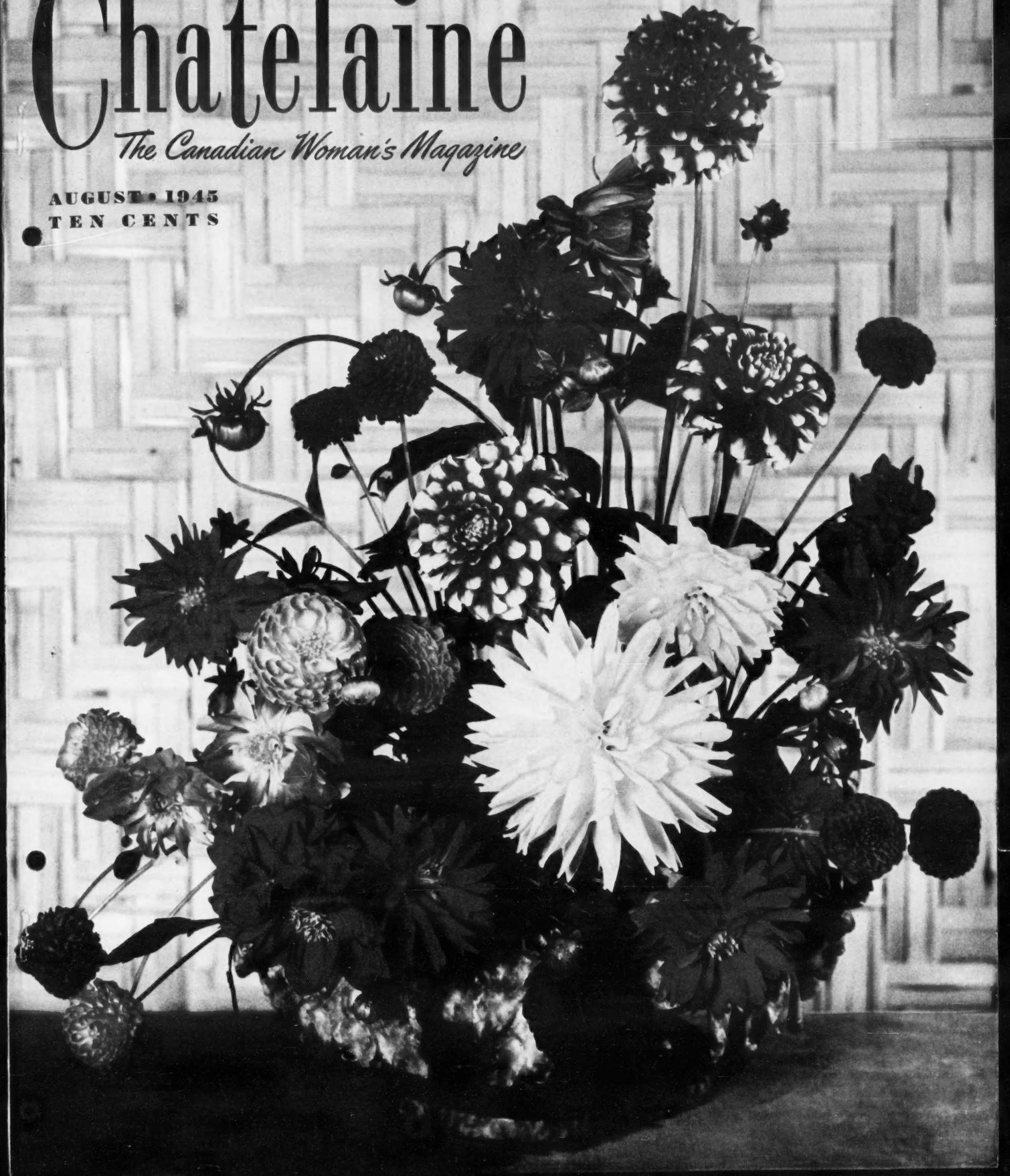
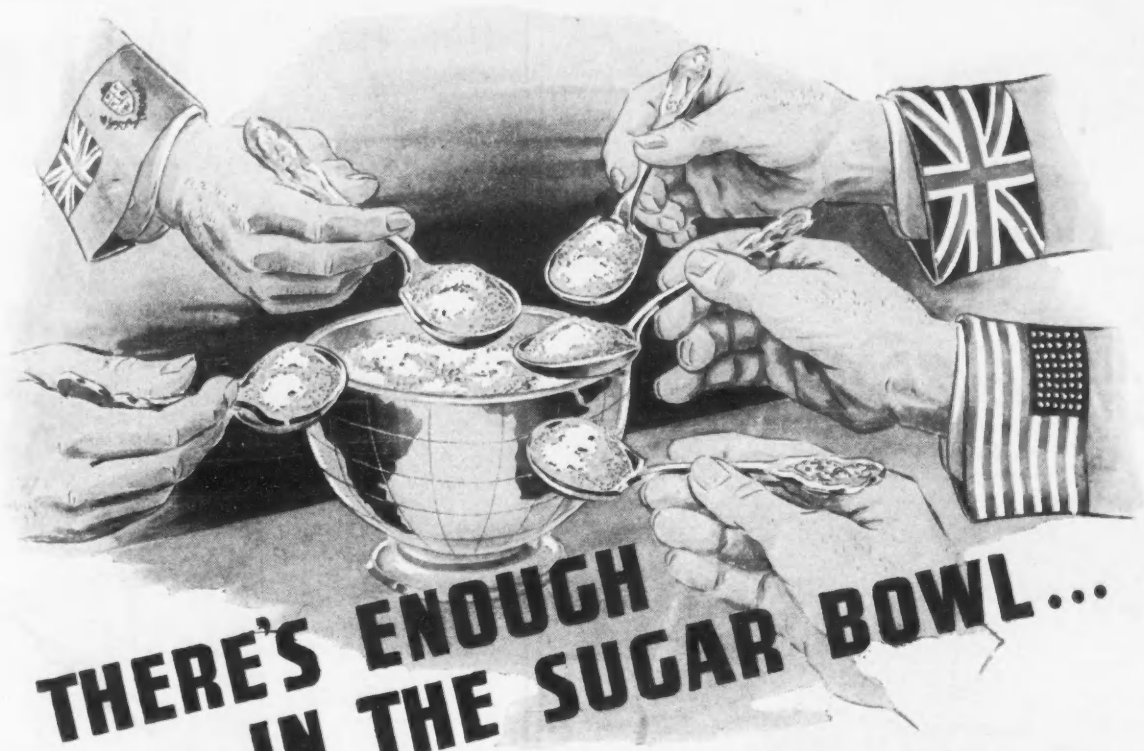
Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

AUGUST • 1945
TEN CENTS





THERE'S ENOUGH IN THE SUGAR BOWL...

If we all share equally

We Canadians, together with the citizens of the United States and Great Britain, will eat less sugar during the balance of 1945.

To meet our own needs and the urgent requirements of our Allies and the liberated countries, our share of the reduction must total nearly 200,000,000 pounds of sugar during the rest of the year.

To assure fair distribution of what is left, the sugar ration is to be cut by five pounds during the next seven months by reducing the monthly allotment to one pound in June, July, August, October and December. In September and November, the allowance will remain unchanged at two pounds.

The ten pound sugar allotment for home canning, represented by twenty extra preserves coupons, remains unchanged. Two regular preserves coupons will continue to become valid each month.

ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT SUGAR

Q. How does Canada get its share of world sugar supplies?

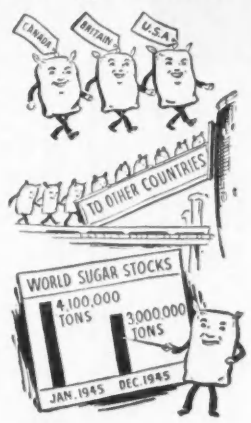
A. World stocks are pooled by the Combined Food Board of the United Nations which allots sugar to Canada, United States and Great Britain on a uniform per capita basis.

Q. Where does the rest of the world sugar supply go?

A. To other claimants, including liberated areas, European neutrals, Russia, the Middle East, New Zealand and other sugar-importing countries. Approximately one-half of this total is destined for liberated areas.

Q. Is there less sugar in the world today?

A. Yes. Because needs are up and production is down, world sugar stocks reached a new low at the beginning of 1945. By the end of the year, they will be down again, this time to a dangerous minimum.



Q. Why is there more demand for sugar?

A. The rising demand largely reflects the needs of liberated areas.

Q. Why is there less production?

A. World sugar output is lower for these reasons:

1. Enemy occupation of some sources such as Java and the Philippines. Java, of course, is still in Japanese hands and, although the Philippines are liberated, production is not expected to be restored until late in 1946.
2. Other export countries have experienced serious shortages of labour and fertilizer.
3. Record drought conditions and hurricanes have also cut into production in the important West Indian area.

INDUSTRIAL AND QUOTA USERS WILL ALSO GET LESS

Effective July 1, 1945, sugar made available to industrial users, such as bakers, biscuit and breakfast cereal manufacturers, makers of soft drinks, confectionery and candy, and jam and wine manufacturers, will again be reduced.

A further cut is also being made in the allotment to quota users, such as public eating places, while similar reductions are being made by the Armed Forces in the sugar quotas for service personnel.

RATION ADMINISTRATION

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

SUGAR IS SCARCE — USE IT SPARINGLY



With these Kitchen aids it can be a *Wonder Workshop*



It's the little things that are of big importance in kitchen work

The right equipment and utensils, like these of GSW, can mean so much in energy and time saved—can add so much pleasure to the preparing of meals—can contribute so much beauty to that wonder workshop of yours.

Learn the advantages of working with gleaming "Regent" Stainless Enameled Ware. Made by GSW it has the strength of steel, is easy to clean, and resists all cooking and food stains. Its lustrous, lasting colours can be matched perfectly too, by GSW Japanned Ware—to carry out the colour scheme in your kitchen.

Just now the supply of many GSW products is limited. But just as fast as material becomes available, we will turn our manufacturing facilities to the production of GSW Kitchen equipment. Then you will be able to get all the GSW enameled ware you need, as well as McClary ranges and GSW sinks, cabinets and refrigerators. They will offer better quality and value than ever, due to the experience gained in producing the tools of war.

GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED

MONTREAL • TORONTO • LONDON • WINNIPEG
CALGARY • VANCOUVER

and Footnotes

A New Author

ON PAGE FIVE you will meet Jeremy, a small boy who will remind you of other small boys of your acquaintance; mayhap there is a Jeremy in your own intimate circle and you'll have no difficulty following the grave cautious processes of this enchanting little hero's mind. Ann Foster, the author, is a newcomer to Chatelaine's pages. She was born in England, but has lived all her adult life in Canada; started writing in her teens when she went on a bicycle tour in Europe and sent back hastily scribbled impressions and stories to a couple of London publications which, to her considerable surprise, used them.

"Morning" is her first fiction piece to see the light of day in Canada —but Chatelaine editors feel that this situation merely indicates lack of time rather than capacity, for Miss Foster is that *rara avis*, a free-lancer who works all day and every day, turning out book reviews, interviews, news articles, and making a good living as a result. Would-be writers sometimes lift sceptical eyebrows when she mentions that last fact; this gesture, according to Miss Foster, immediately reveals their unwillingness to apply the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair, which, as you all remember, was Sinclair Lewis' profound advice to beginners. Anyway, our new author is a steady producer; her "Julieanne and Peter" books for children came out recently; she is now at work on another juvenile series, the while jotting notes for a full-length novel and dreaming up a second short story for Chatelaine. She didn't tell us what she did with her spare time.



The Amiable Yorkshireman

A PICTURE of J. B. Priestley without his pipe is almost as rare as a shot of Churchill *sans* cigar—but Chatelaine managed to turn one up. It's a very good likeness, t o, and the easy smile breaking from eyes and mouth would seem to prove Mr. Priestley's contention that he is at heart an amiable guy, and not deserving of the terms "blunt" and "brusque" which have sometimes been applied to him. Nevertheless he remains a plain-spoken Yorkshireman, and indeed is highly prized at home and abroad for that very quality; his broadcasts and film commentating since the early days of the war have ranked him as "the unofficial voice of the common people of Britain." For a summing up of the common people's victory, after five and a half years of all-out effort, Mr. Priestley is the inevitable choice, and the editors are proud to present his article, "No Cheers, No Medals," on Page 16 of this issue.

John Boynton Priestley was born in 1894, the son of a schoolmaster. After four years as a slogging foot soldier in the first Great War, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he helped pay for his keep by writing short pieces for the London papers. Since then he has authored a long list of books including such successes as "The Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement," and he is one of England's leading dramatists. He knows America well, and has an admitted preference for Arizona and California, though his attachment to a certain old house in London's Highgate Village, where he alternates work in his study with piano improvisation, is unshakeable.

Honest, pup - I'm not really a meanie!



"**Sure,** *I know* what you're hinting at, Mr. Poochie!

"But there's just no future in your acting cute and trying to melt me with those big, brown eyes — 'cause I haven't any tidbits to toss you now.

"You, see, pup, this food came out of a can. And there just *aren't* any throwaway bits in *canned* foods. It all goes straight from here to our table.

"Maybe that's bad news for you, but it means a *real saving* for me!

"And since you look so interested, I'll tell you that canned foods help me save fuel, too, 'cause they're already cooked. All I need to do is heat 'em up.

"So . . . I hate to disappoint you, pup, but I'm going to keep right on using canned foods. They help me economize!"



At the front in war and peace!

Because cans are still needed for vital wartime purposes, they will continue to be restricted for civilian use. But when total victory has been achieved, all your favourite products, plus many new ones, will again return in the best of all containers — the metal can.

Other advantages of canned foods

1. **Nutritive values:** Modern, scientific canning processes retain all vitamins and minerals to a greater degree than is possible with fresh foods cooked in the average home.

2. **Protection:** Food keeps *safely* in cans. It's completely protected from air, light and dirt. Cannot deteriorate.

3. **Convenience:** Canned foods are easy to carry and store. Won't break. Always ready to serve in a jiffy!

Keep on conserving!

Vast supplies of canned foods are still needed for our armed services and for relief in destitute European nations. So buy only what you need. *Waste none!*



AMERICAN CAN COMPANY, MONTREAL, HAMILTON, TORONTO;
AMERICAN CAN COMPANY LIMITED, VANCOUVER.



Keen about her knitting...

Dumb about her Dandruff!

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff including (Pityrosporum ovale), the "Bottle Bacillus".



An Itching Scalp with Ugly Flakes and Scales is a Warning You Should Heed

Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that *can*, and *does*, play hob with your scalp... impairing your natural good looks.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

At the first sign of such symptoms start with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage... the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day. Remember, in clinical tests the twice-a-day Listerine treatment brought marked improvement or positive relief in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus".

Flakes Disappear

You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Note how much better your hair looks and how much better your scalp feels.

You will actually look forward to the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's so cool...so refreshing. And literally thousands say it's so effective!

Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

***The Tested Treatment for* DANDRUFF**

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword

Mother is a Story-teller



ELEANOR COATES, who contributes a delightful yarn to this issue (Page 14), was nipped by the literary bug at the age of 12 when she sold her first story to a juvenile publication. "But I never quite had time to settle down to a schedule of writing for years afterward," she tells us. "I was much too busy socially and in business, and telling the maid how to run the house. In Halifax, N.S., we felt the war's pressure early. Daily living was full of difficulties, my third baby came, and the maid left for war work. I found, as so many women have found during the war, that the more you have to do, the more you can do. With three babies I couldn't gad about, but I could and did organize my housework so that I had from two to four hours a day to write. I surprised myself and everyone else by selling eight of my first 10 stories (the first one, 'Next of Kin,' to Chatelaine). Biographically speaking, I am a Canadian, the daughter of a Methodist minister. I have lived in three Canadian provinces and several American states. My husband was formerly in radio in Halifax, and now does a daily program over WOR in New York. I like swimming, armchair gardening (while someone else does the work), good talk, and, most of all, creative people. And by creative people I mean those who plant gardens, or design clothes, or write poetry or collect recipes. Or bring up their children thoughtfully and well."

Our Cover Artist



THOSE DAHLIAS, which might have come straight from your own August garden, were arranged for Chatelaine's photographer by the knowing hand of Harry A. MacDonald. This clever young man had his first fling with flowers at the University of Saskatchewan, where in addition to the regular grind he took an elective course in horticulture and used to ingratiate himself with the prettiest coeds by means of corsages of his own design. Later he was associated with Constance Spry, the English floral artist whose daring in the matter of mixing parsley sprigs with roses, or rhubarb leaves with callas and achieving great elegance thereby, set the whole flower-conscious world on its ear.

Morning

by ANN FOSTER

Illustrated by Ted McCormick

RICHARD BANNING moved his good arm along the bed and picked the envelope up for the sixth time that morning. Clumsily, he manoeuvred his lean sensitive fingers so that the letter and the clipping slipped into his hand. He pressed his head into the smooth mound of pillows and looked once again at the newspaper photograph of Jim and his wife and their child.

Jim had lain in the next bed to Dick's only a month ago, and nothing could keep him down, once he knew he was due for home. "Gee!" he'd said, sauntering almost casually over to Dick's bed the morning his release had come, "wish you were coming with me, pal!"

Dick had looked up and smiled. Then he'd noticed the picture Jim held in his hand. "Who is it?" he asked. "The wife?"

"Yeah." Jim said, pulling up a chair, and sitting down. He grinned at the picture in his hand: "The kid too," he said. He'd put the picture in Dick's left hand, and Dick had lifted his young summer-blue eyes and looked at it.

The girl was not beautiful, but her face had a fey look about it, with large, almost laughing eyes, straight dark hair worn in a bang, and a wide generous mouth. She was kneeling beside one of those old-fashioned tubs. The kid was in the tub, soap bubbles up to her eyes, and laughing to beat the band.

It was a picture that epitomized everything a man thought about when he was away from home: when he was fighting; when he lay awake at night in a slit trench, looking up at the stars, wondering—and remembering.

"Swell picture," he'd said to Jim, handing it back.

"Yeah," said Jim, grinning broadly, taking another look and slipping it back into the pocket of his dressing gown.

"You're not afraid?" Dick had asked then.

"Afraid?" Jim had said, "what do you mean?"

"Oh," Dick murmured, "I dunno. Kid you've never seen. Wife you've only known two weeks. Sort of new life awaiting you—something you've never tried before. Different to fighting, to batching it in rooms over a bank—seems to me . . ."

"Cut it!" Jim had laughed. "You're still under the influence of morphine. Pain gets you down. When I first came into this hospital I knew I'd be going home some time, and I used to lie and think by the hour, scared stiff too. But it doesn't do any good, the kid's Marion's job, not mine. In any event, she's only two years old—what's that to be scared of? As for Marion and me, well, that's okay too. We're just about made for each other I guess."

Two days later he'd gone. And now, this morning, a note had arrived with the newspaper photograph: "Lieutenant James Wilson arrives home, and is welcomed by his wife and small daughter, Betty, who has never seen her ✦ *Continued on page 26*

"Here, dad," he said. "When I broke my arm last year, mother always got me cones. I could hold them better."





See here! That's my shortcake you're knocking!

Look . . . I'm partial to peach shortcake. Always will be, too . . . no matter WHAT you say!

There, there—no offense meant. Shortcake hits the spot—and gives you energy with every tempting forkful. But you must admit it's another soft food on your menu.

What's the catch on soft foods?

Just that they're so easy on the *chewing*. They short-change your gums on the regular healthful exercise gums should have.

A "daily dozen" for my gums? The idea!

The *very* idea, lady! Modern gums are often flabby, tender. Sometimes "pink tooth brush" flashes its warning signal. So you'd be wise to help your gums by massaging them with Ipana Tooth Paste. You'll be helping your smile as well.

Gum massage? My smile? I don't get it!

It's simple, really. Your smile can only sparkle if your teeth are bright. And sound, sparkling teeth depend so much on healthy gums. With Ipana and massage, you help your gums. Get it now?

Does "pink tooth brush" spell trouble? Better take that one up with your dentist. But mark our words—if your tooth brush *does* "show pink"—don't ignore its warning. *See your dentist without delay.*

He may well say it's sensitive gums—gums denied exercise by soft, creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

A smart lead to follow! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth thoroughly. With massage, it helps the gums. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel the invigorating "tang" that means circulation is waking up in the gums, helping them to firmer health.

A sparkling smile makes you lovelier to look at. So help keep yours appealingly bright with Ipana and massage.



Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!

A Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada

by
EDITH
BRECHT



Claribel clamored to sit in the middle "Then I can have one of you on each side," she insisted. So they all squeezed together on a front seat made for two and started off with a flourish.

collar. Poor little chap, he didn't look strong. Child care was a different thing those days. No vitamins, no regular cod-liver oil, no inoculations for diphtheria—he had died of diphtheria at the age of seven.

"It would be so dreadful to lose a child," Mrs. Bender thought, adding, "Large or small." As the two pictures on the mantel downstairs burned themselves deep in her mind. *Thank heaven, Frank was all right on the West Coast, but a letter from Toby in India was overdue.*

Thoughtfully Mrs. Bender put down the photograph, then smiled in spite of herself. Poor little mamma's hat stuck out in front like a *porte-cochere!* And that beaded bosom on Aunt Bess! no padding in those proud swells! Only where was that picture of herself? Oh, here . . . and mamma really had outdone herself on the ruffles. It was because of Claribel Tevis she'd got the blue dress. Actually, it was because of Claribel she'd got everything she had today. Odd, when you came to think of it! And her hand pushed around the box in search of a girl with a bulging, backswept pompadour and an artificial simper.

Charlie Edwards was somewhere too. They'd both been so crazy about Charlie! And a young man in a high collar with a handsome face came out on her lap beside the pictures of Claribel and herself, and seeing them all together again it was suddenly 1908, and she was just 18.

SHE COULDN'T find the ice pick, though that was because her search was distracted by the laughter on the front porch—she'd had it in her hand a minute ago. Then she heard her mother's feet, coming light and firm, over the hall carpet toward the kitchen.

"I'll fix the lemonade," her mother volunteered from the doorway. "I've saved some canned cherry juice to put with it. I thought it would be nice. You go out on the porch. I'll call you when it's ready." Her mother's voice was a little placating.

But she only turned her back quickly and didn't go, trying to hide the outrage she mustn't show, when she wanted to cry furiously.

"Going out won't make ✦ *Continued on page 21*

Because of Claribel

THE MAY rain driving over the garden looked chilly. Mrs. Frank Bender, glancing up from her breakfast, watched it turn the windows into moist green squares and decided it would be a good day for cleaning out closets and cupboards, and said so.

"I need more space and I hoard and hoard. It's got to stop. I'm too sentimental. Things are going out—starting from *today!*"

Her husband looked at her determined face and smiled faintly. She was a pretty woman who carried her 55 years well, the sparkle of silver in her upswept brown hair brightening her deep blue eyes.

"I know what you're thinking," she acknowledged. "You're thinking, 'I've heard that before'—and you have. Only this time I mean it."

Later in the morning, aware of the gentle purpose in her daughter's room—the moving of a chair that met too forcefully the mop handle Ann pushed around the floor in her Saturday cleaning, Mrs. Bender marched on the sewing room.

It was companionable having Ann working too. Ann was finishing her last year at the university, but had her Saturdays free and cleaned her room, which was a help with the servant problem what it was.

Mrs. Bender had selected the sewing room as the best place to begin because the closet there was tiered from floor to ceiling with the shelves her son Frank built her, each loaded with boxes holding miscellaneous collections.

Deciding on the top shelf for an initial move, Mrs. Bender mounted the stepladder and lifted down a large fat-stomached coat box, tied with strips of stout blue muslin, which she placed on the floor, then climbed again to survey more carefully the uneven terrain of closely packed boxes.

The whole trouble with herself was, she'd tried to lay the cornerstone for a homestead on the shelves of closets when what she needed was an attic, and lacking that had swallowed all the available space in her house with a lot of unwanted things.

When Frank and she first moved here the house not having an attic hadn't mattered, because it had more essential points, but with the passing years she seemed to regret the absence more. She didn't know exactly why she cared so much about one; they hadn't had an attic in her home as a girl· maybe it was because the memory of her grandmother's had always stayed with her. It had been so lovely. Big and dim, with a yield in every corner of old lamps and sleigh bells and hassocks, even a spinning wheel with flax like a tousled head. And chests of clothing you could play with and some you couldn't—yellowed kid gloves, satin wedding ties, basques and bonnets. And a poignant small, cowhide trunk with an aura of heartbreak holding an Eton jacket and kilt and the little underthings of Uncle Norrie, who had died as a child. And all down the middle of the floor, islands of unused furniture—bureaus and beds and cribs and chairs; cases of letters and boxes of books—including the ones Uncle Walter bought to study law before he changed his mind. And under a casement window the inevitable row of molding orange pomander balls Aunt Bess always hopefully failed on each year, with her straw flowers drying by their stems hanging from the rafters above.

The whole place suggested roots and decency in Mrs. Bender's mind; to have kept and loved the things your antecedents used, the intimate personal possessions like your grandfather's razors and pens, grandmother's sandalwood boxes and thimbles, the old documents and diaries, the paperweights and wallets, the bird eggs and letters, seemed somehow a memorial that kept their owners alive and important. Sentimental of course, but sweet, because it had its basis in tenderness.

Young Ann in the next room opened a window and whacked the mop handle on the outside ledge, singing.

Almost from the day Ann was born Mrs. Bender had planned her sentiments for her. They were going to be like her own—only they weren't! Ann was matter-of-course and modern as next year. In fact Mrs. Bender knew, if she were completely honest with herself, none of her children cared a whoop about family souvenirs—not even their own infant locks or baby shoes.

"What do you want to keep all that old stuff for?" Ann asked more than once of family photographs. "Such tacky-looking pictures. I should think you'd want to burn 'em."

It had been almost a pain in her mother's heart to hear, and it made her stop trying to share her things, though she never left off hoarding. For secretly Mrs. Bender harbored the belief if Ann ever married and had children she'd enjoy all these things, in spite of herself, as experiences like home-founding and motherhood deepened your sentiments and gave you a feeling about the past you didn't have before.

The first roses Frank had sent her, sewn in a little chiffon bag that was rotting now, sifted rose leaves gently over his box of letters as she opened it; the petals so dried they were scarcely sweet, but they had been his first flowers to her and so she closed the lid again, carefully leaving them just as they were, and placed them beside the coat box of photographs.

She brought a man's stiff hatbox off the top shelf next, labelled *Patches for silk quilt.* She loved this particular patch box because it represented the materials from the dresses of her engagement and early married years up until the time she started buying her clothes ready-made. Now people were sewing again, and a good thing too. It added meaning to your home to be creative in it, and Mrs. Bender's capable hands untied the strings.

She had got the idea for the quilt she had never made from one Aunt Bess' husband's family had, and Mrs. Bender's hand dived pleasurably among small rolls of smooth stuffs, coming up with a roll of sky-blue satin, its color clear and lovely. That had been the bias binding on that blue-ruffled soisette. She had a picture of herself in that dress somewhere. She dragged the photograph box toward her, opened and flushed it with a searching hand, bringing up little Uncle Norrie in a ruffled

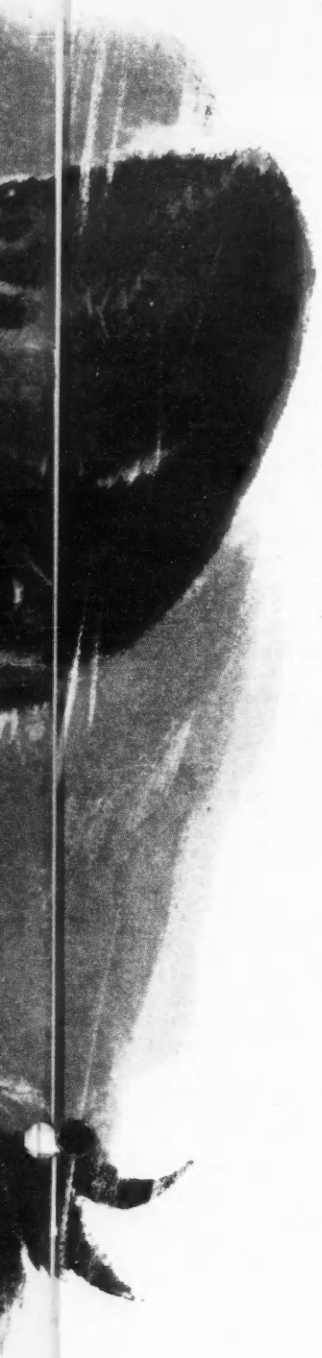


Illustrated by
MACHTEY

Lots of Love

by Dorothea Malm

If you fall in love with a guy when you're nine, chances are the habit will be unbreakable at twenty-two



WHEN THE buzzer rang at a quarter of nine, Liz went to answer it, thinking that at the worst it would be the man to collect the rent, and at best it would be a special delivery letter from someone, but when she opened the door, she saw a tall young man, blond and brown, with a familiar unfamiliar face. He was wearing a dark blue suit and a grey-and-red striped tie, and he looked very much at his ease. "Hello, Liz," he said. "Don't you know me?"

"It's Andrew," she said, and felt quite weak, quite shaken. "Mother wrote that you were home."

"I'm here now," he said, grinning. "Can I come in?"

"Oh, come in," she said, and looked in a confused way at the room. Carolyn had left her stuff around—a slip she was putting lace on, a stocking she was mending, a pair of red pyjamas that needed a button, and a few odds and ends that she'd wanted to take with her but hadn't been able to get into her week-end bag—intimate odds and ends. But that didn't matter. And Liz herself was wearing white pyjamas and a green corduroy robe, but that didn't matter—Andrew had seen her in nothing but bathing trunks when she was nine and he was 13 . . . "Come in. What are you doing in town?"

"Getting a job," he said, coming in and looking around with amusement, picking his way across the floor and throwing the slip over the back of a chair so that he could sit down. "Mighty lacy things you wear."

"That's Carolyn's . . . my cousin Carolyn's," she said absently, still occupied in looking at him.

"Oh," he said, glancing at it again. "I might have known. Well, how are you?" He got himself comfortable in the chair and lit a cigarette, offering her one as an afterthought. "You haven't changed."

"You have," she said. He looked older, he looked grown-up, like an ex-soldier, like a well-adjusted civilian; his eyes were steadier, he didn't smile in quite the same way.

"You look just the same," he said, getting up to light her cigarette. "Still pigtails," he said, touching the blond braids that stuck out on either side of her pointed impertinent face. "You look six years old."

"I'm 22."

"So you are." He smiled at her in that different way. "Well, look, I love those pyjamas, but why don't you put on a dress and we'll go out and entertain ourselves?"

"Do you mean it?" she said, looking at her watch.

"Of course I mean it. You weren't going to bed, were you?"

"Course not," she said, standing up in a hurry. "I'd love to. It'll be fun . . ."

It was, in fact, like something you dreamed of, she thought as she got into her clothes in the bedroom—you sat in your lonely room with a good book and thought, "The buzzer will ring in a moment and it'll be an attractive man who wants to take you dancing, just like that . . ." So the bell had rung, and there was not merely an attractive man but Andrew, with all the prospects for a gay evening flowering up out of nothing . . .

She put on her short black sequinned dress and unbraided her hair and brushed it straight and smooth, and then she put on the hat that was a twist of cerise satin and a twist of cherry-colored velvet, pinned together by a tall black feather; and then she looked at herself in the glass and thought, No, I've changed too. I've changed a lot. And when she went back to the living room, she felt rather shy, expecting comments.

She didn't get them. He said, "You're the fastest dresser I've ever timed. Is this your coat?" He held it for her in a brisk matter-of-fact way; and then they went down the narrow carpeted stairs to the autumnal night-lighted street. "Well, where shall we go?" he said on the sidewalk, looking at the tawny sky, at the red neon sign of Halosek's Delicatessen across the street. "You know the town."

She thought for a moment and suggested the Tremaine, rather doubtfully because it was expensive; and he smiled and shook his head and said that that was too much work; wasn't there some place closer? "Well, there's Danny's, that's practically around the corner."

"Danny's is just the place. Which way?"

Danny's really suited her too; she was fond of the place. It had a fireplace in one wall, and lots of long bare wooden tables, rubbed and scrubbed until they were almost white and as smooth as stone, whereas the ceiling was smoky and dark and the waiters were very unscrubbed. There was a jukebox, splendid in plastic and colored lights, but she liked juke boxes. It was playing "It Had to Be You" with a sort of urgent plaintive gaiety when they came in, and she felt like someone who was fitting neatly into a good party. "Nice," Andrew said, steering her through the cigarette smoke and the dancers to the vacant end of one of the long tables. "And what will we have?"

"They're sort of famous for hamburgers—they come all fancy with grilled mushrooms, with French fried onions on the side . . ."

"Sounds wonderful."

"Doesn't it!" she said with enthusiasm, and she watched him while he gave the order, cautiously studying his impetuous face and grave eyes, and knew already what was happening to her. And it wasn't surprising, either; she'd been suffering from a kind of latent crush for Andrew ever since she'd been nine and he was 13, and she'd always had a feeling that it would take very little attention on his part to bring it uncontrollably into the open. He'd always been special, lofty, someone to be a little shy of, someone to adore secretly . . . and if she wasn't careful, in a moment she'd be adoring him openly. "Well," she said, even though she was afraid it was one of the questions you weren't supposed to ask, "are you glad to be home?"

"Of course I am. Even though home is never what you dream it is—unless you're like me and make a habit of dreaming very practical and realistic dreams—or unless you dream about things that reality couldn't possibly spoil." He grinned, gazing at the table. "The book I used to read most was 'Pride and Prejudice,' for an escape . . It was so sane and so very silly—just the thing. My favorite book."

"I think it's mine too," she said, which wasn't true; her favorite book had always been "Villette." But his face brightened; he looked with interest at her instead of at the table, so that was all right; and they had a long talk about "Persuasion" and the Watsons and Lady Susan, which lasted vivaciously all through the hamburgers and grilled mushrooms; and everyone else was dancing, but she was perfectly happy to be sitting at a table with him, talking Jane Austen; and when she was home at last, with a date for the next day all arranged she felt steadily and completely happy.

BUT HE was a half hour late the next evening, and he apologized as one apologizes to one's sister, and he took her not to the Tremaine, not even to Danny's, but to an Italian place around the corner, steamy and clattering and noisy and crowded, and all during dinner told her about his new job, at great length and rather as if he wanted to talk out the problems of it to himself; and afterward he suggested a neighborhood movie, where they sat sedately side by side in the warm darkness and watched Bette Davis decay into old age; and then he took her home and said, "See you tomorrow," and smiled, and departed.

She went upstairs and took off her new red wool suit and the little shiny black hat with its wreathings of veil and looked at her carefully prettified face and grinned a little. When she was 17 and he was 21 she'd dressed up for a picnic in a most becoming white silk jersey playsuit and high-heeled white sandals, and he had stared at her and said, "Why didn't you wear your old clothes? How can we have any comfortable fun with you all dressed up like that?" That was it—that was still it. Comfortable fun. "Men," she said aloud, "don't fall in love with girls they've known all their lives . . ." That was it. He was in a new town and she was an old friend; he was occupied with the problem of starting a new job, he didn't want to be bothered with hunting up a new girl—not just now, anyway; Liz would do until he found time for that; Liz was a nice girl, a good sport, an old friend. Nothing, however, to dream about . . .

Well, what was she going to do now? Fancy clothes weren't going to do the trick—how about another man as an incentive to jealousy? But he was perfectly capable of being glad that she had found someone and withdrawing and finding himself someone else—and then how would she feel? No, the thing to do was hope, and then hope some more, and then go on hoping.

THEY HAD a nice Sunday afternoon. He came over at three to read the Sunday papers and listen to the symphony and play chess in a series of quick games, Andrew starting each time with one fewer pawn in an effort to find her proper handicap, until she said at last that her big trouble was that her pawns got in her ✦ *Continued on page 37*



Illustrated by John Jones

They stood there oblivious to the rain

This is the plain, undramatized record of a Canadian family's experience in a Japanese internment camp — and more especially of a mother's brave effort, day by day, for 36 months, to keep her children alive on the barest minimum of scraps

At first the prisoners did their best to make a community life for themselves. "We had movies twice a month up to December, 1942, rented a machine and built a projection booth ourselves." Those who were well informed on any subject such as philosophy, mining, great men or books, gave lectures. They formed a men's choir and a women's choir of which Elsa Brown was a member, and gave concerts every few months. Some of them formed bridge clubs, but the Japs stopped all that, forbidding any large gatherings of adults for fear of conspiracy. That they would have been capable of conspiracy seems nothing but a pathetic joke to Elsa Brown. "At the beginning," she recalls, "three men tried to escape by jumping the wall. They were brought back beaten and half dead and were taken out and shot. After that there were no more attempts to escape, and where would we have gone anyway?"

The children, who somehow did not die from deficiency diseases the way the adults did, soon had a regular routine of life that seemed to satisfy them. They had football, boxing, baseball and basketball, but early in '44 all games were stopped because they were becoming too weak from lack of food. There were story hours and there was school—but with no geography and no history later than 1900. The two older Brown children took grades seven and eight and part of their first year high school, but on the doctor's advice, Elsa Brown took her children out of school, because with so little food it was too great a drain on their strength.

"It was terrible to watch them," she says, "with their eyes fixed on me as I dished out the food, for fear I would give a spoonful more to one than to the others." In the last few months when there were no games, no school and no

✦ *Continued on page 48*



All internees, adults and children, were required to bow solemnly several times a day to their Japanese captors. The Brown children show how—John, aged 12; Rachel, 14; and Peter, eight. They won't forget easily!

20 Questions

for city slickers seeking the Great Outdoors.

by Richard Graeme

1. If you have perfect eyesight how many stars can you see on a clear night?
   (a) Not less than 15,000.
   (b) Not more than 1,500.
   (c) About 150,000.

2. Which of the following is more venomous than the others?
   (a) Rattlesnake.
   (b) Scorpion.
   (c) Black Widow spider.

3. What happens to fresh milk during a thunderstorm?
   (a) It turns sour.
   (b) It turns to Roquefort cheese.
   (c) Nothing.

4. When a bat enters your room at night should you—
   (a) Keep your mouth closed?
   (b) Wrap a towel over your hair?
   (c) Turn out the light?

5. What do you know about lightning? (True or false.)
   (a) It never strikes twice in the same place.
   (b) The neighborhood of tall or isolated trees is dangerous.
   (c) You are safe in a motor car.

6. And about drownings? (True or false.)
   (a) You sink three times before staying down for good.
   (b) All the incidents of your life pass in review before you.
   (c) A cramp is invariably fatal.

7. Walking across a field, you pick up a live adult hare. Do you—
   (a) Take him home and make a pet of him?
   (b) Kill him and make rabbit stew?
   (c) Immediately wash your hands?

8. You come face to face with a skunk. Should you—
   (a) Heave a rock at it?
   (b) Pick it up by the tail, thus making it powerless to offend?
   (c) Wait for it to walk away?

9. The eggs of birds that use the bare earth for a nest are round at one end and pointed at the other. Why?
   (a) So that they'll fit snugly in the eggcup.
   (b) So that they'll stay put.
   (c) Because this shape better resists destruction.

10. How far can a full-grown porcupine shoot its quills?
   (a) Five feet.
   (b) Half a mile.
   (c) It can't shoot them at all.

11. Apart from telling the time, of what use is a watch to a man lost in the woods?
   (a) He can use it as a sinker on a fishing line.
   (b) He can crack nuts with it.
   (c) He can use it as a compass.

Continued on page 35



Mrs. Richard Brown, as her Toronto friends and neighbors know her now.

3 Years Behind Barbed Wire

by THELMA LE COCQ

A GOOD many Toronto shopkeepers must be wondering about a certain new customer of theirs —a Mrs. Richard Brown who, unlike most women these days, has no complaints. She has noticed no shortages. "It's wonderful," says Mrs. Brown, "to go into a store and pick what you want off the shelves." She feels the same about clothes as she does about groceries, and exclaims over "all the lovely things, particularly those little hats with veils." If the service is poor, Mrs. Brown hasn't noticed that either. "I'm so used to waiting in line," she explains. "We did it three times a day for our food in Manila—that is, when we had three meals a day."

It is not surprising that Toronto looked good to Elsa Brown when she arrived there one day last May. With her three children, Rachel aged 14, John 12 and Peter eight, she had been a prisoner of the Japs on Manila for more than three years. For three years she had no word from her husband, knew nothing more of him than that he had left their home in Tao Tsing, North China, to join the Army Medical Corps in Burma. In those years she had watched her children, not growing strong and big, but being reduced to bags of bones. The hope she had had that help would come tomorrow or next week or next month changed as time dragged by to the desperate certainty that "if they don't come soon it will be too late for us."

People who wonder what such an experience will do to a woman won't see much outward sign of it in Elsa Brown. In her new Canadian-bought grey suit, navy-blue hat and high-heeled shoes, she looks like just another well-dressed housewife in town for a day's shopping. You'd guess her age as somewhere in the late thirties. Think of her as pretty in a quiet but pleasant way. Notice her sweet full-lipped smile and her large blue eyes with unusually dark lashes and well-curved brows. If there's any special difference between her and the rest of the people around her, it's that Elsa Brown is gayer, is enjoying herself more. Only if you looked at her hands—hands that washed dishes for three hours a day in a hospital, washed everything for herself and three children with cheap soap and cold water—would you get an inkling that Elsa Brown had suffered any hardship.

That it was hardship there can be no doubt, though Elsa Brown tells it with only a little bitterness and no dramatics. Ten years ago Dr. Richard Brown and his family left Toronto for North China where he was a doctor with a United Church mission. In August, 1941, Dr. Brown left Tao Tsing to join the British forces in Burma. His wife and children stayed to sell their furniture, pack their other belongings. In November they left for Shanghai to catch a boat for Australia, from where they intended eventually to reach Canada. In December 3 they sailed and when the news of Pearl Harbor reached them the captain announced that he would have to put in to the nearest friendly port which was Manila. "We arrived there on December 9," Mrs. Brown recalls, "were put under quarantine in a harbor jammed with ships, and almost immediately the Japs began shelling us. The ships to either side of us each got a direct hit but we were untouched."

On December 11 they were taken ashore with only their hand luggage, having left 20 cases on the docks at Shanghai, five trunks in the hold of the ship. In the next two and a half weeks they fled 65 miles into the country to be away from the bombings, came back to Manila when it was declared an open city. There they had their last freedom, their last real Christmas dinner. Then on December 27 the Japs took them into what they called "protective custody." "We were told to bring enough food for five days," says Elsa Brown, "and we expected to be freed after that, subject to orders to report, the way enemy aliens were in other countries."

That was December, 1941, and it was the last time that the Browns or any of the other internees were to get outside of the barbed wire enclosure of what had been the Santo Tomas College.

WHEN ELSA BROWN talks of their internment, she talks mostly of food. "I saw a woman," she says, "sell a diamond wrist watch for two grams of rice. I sold a gold watch of my husband's for some." As time went on and food got more and more scarce, mongo beans which were rich in vitamin B1 rose to 160 gold dollars for 2 pounds, rice went to the same price, sugar to 125 gold dollars for 2 kilos. "If you had to pay by cheque, the way most of us did, the price was three times that." Asked if she came out of the camp in debt, Elsa Brown replies, "Of course—very much in debt, but I didn't care. My only thought was to keep the children alive till I could deliver them to someone." Then she smiles and adds, "I've told my husband about it."

To keep them alive Elsa Brown traded—cigarettes for butter, whatever she could spare for whatever she could get. She gardened, pulling up deep-rooted weeds as tall as herself till she was so tired she sat down and cried. She learned new cooking hints: how to make a little vinegar from the rotten bananas thrown out by the hospital, how to grease a pan with banana leaves. Now and then she was able to borrow some small thing like a teaspoonful of baking soda to bake a tiny cake in an old tin can for her little boy's birthday. Occasionally the children were able to help her, hanging round the Japanese garbage tins to pick up the tips of green onions which they planted in their garden.

All this was the extra food that Elsa Brown cooked herself in a little charcoal stove that looked like an upside-down flowerpot, when she was able to get fuel for it. For meals, so called, they stood in the chow line, three times a day at first, later only twice, once at 7 a.m. and again at 4.30 in the afternoon. At first the ration was 400 grams of cereal a day, a little more than two thirds of a pound, to which was added 10 grams of fat, and every second day a tablespoonful of cooked greens which were often slimy and rotten. On rare occasions they got sweet potatoes and some small dried salty fish. "We used to grind these up and make soup." She shudders at the memory. "It had a most horrible smell and color." Later there were no extras except the greens which the internees grew themselves, varieties called pechey and talinum which were quick growing and could be cut again and again, and the cereal ration was cut down to less than a third of a pound a day. What fruit there was—and the prisoners themselves grew bananas and papayas—was kept for patients in the camp hospital. "Toward the end," Elsa Brown says, "people started to steal them, they were so hungry. It was dreadful, but we ourselves had to put them in jail, our own jail. We lived in constant fear there would be a riot."

That there was no riot, no serious epidemic and a minimum of friction was due to the internees themselves. "We organized ourselves at the very beginning," Elsa Brown explains, "with room, floor and building monitors, with a central kitchen where all our food was cooked by the men, because the large cooking pots were so heavy, and a special kitchen for the children. Everyone had three hours camp duty a day. One man did nothing but kill rats. The women prepared vegetables, washed dishes. I washed dishes in the hospital from 7 to 8.30 in the morning and from 12 to 1.30 at noon. To get there in time I had to be up at 5.15 in the morning, dress in the dark and stand in the entrance waiting so I could be first in the chow line which opened at 6.30. That gave me time to give the children their food and rush off to the hospital to eat mine there."

Asked how she filled her days, Elsa Brown explains it was not difficult because everything took so long. "I had all our washing to do, in troughs with cold water taps and very little soap. I bought a good deal of it, but it got very scarce. The Japs began by giving us a 200-gram cake a month, then they'd miss a month or two and when it did come it was down to half that size and washed away like ice cream. One time I washed without soap for three weeks, then I managed to trade a towel for a cake."

This frantic washing with soap and water, even to the greens that were eaten raw, was part of their struggle to avoid an epidemic. When they were moved into the college it was already infested with rats and vermin and every week the camp had a special room cleaning when everything washable, including bed trestles and woodwork, was washed with disinfectant and mattresses were done with a spray gun. The Japs gave them inoculations against typhus, cholera and other diseases and finally, just before they left, against the plague. "We weren't told," she says, "but we guessed there must be an epidemic of it on the outside."

a Canadian Girl

by LOTTA DEMPSEY



THIS IS IT. Just the way the sergeant dreamed it up, in foxholes at Ortona and slit trenches on the Normandy beach-head. Norma wanted a wedding to remember — bought her own clothes from her munitions plant salary, had help from her working (widowed) mother with the reception for fifty. Chuck proposed on second night home — his mind had been made up for a solid year. The Rev. J. E. Todd officiated at St. Clair United Church in Toronto.

MEET YOUR new neighbors: 23-year-old Sergeant Charles E. (Chuck) Taylor, Jr., and his 21-year-old bride, the former Norma Vaughan, both of Toronto. These, and thousands of other young war veterans and their wives, will be filtering into communities like yours all over Canada now—settling into what quarters they can find, buying what household goods they can get, taking up the threads of living that were cut short for them three, four and five years ago.

Boy met girl through Norma's brother (they were in the same regiment) just before Chuck went overseas. For five years they corresponded regularly. Norma went to work in the accounting department of a munitions plant. Chuck was in France in 1940; in southern England for the blitz; with the hard going in Italy including Cassino and Ortona; and got back to England in time for the Normandy show, finishing his chore (working with reinforcement officers) at Nimagen, Holland. His best pal married an English girl (shown in picture far left), but Chuck decided to see Canada first—admits he had a close shave or two in Britain. He and Norma married in mid-June, hope to have their furnishings paid for when Chuck gets out of the Army, plan to use his whole rehabilitation grant as down payment on a house.

Chuck intends to stay put in Canada from now on. Both want children, a simple family life. They love dancing—used to roller skate "when we were kids." They have devoted parents; Norma's widowed mother declined their invitation to live with them.

You'll like your new neighbors—ones like the Taylors.



AT MILITARY HOSPITAL. Miraculously unscratched himself, Sergeant Taylor works in Records at Christie Street Hospital. Going over with 48th Highlanders he took clerk's course, was transferred to Can. Section G.H.Q. Second Echelon.



I WANT TO BE A SALESMAN. Quiet and thoughtful, Chuck has learned to take responsibility, understand people. He is one of the new generation of Canadian young-old war veterans, but has never lost his sense of humor, a family trait which works overtime. Here his druggist dad gives him a few tips in the family store about putting a sales talk over.

I Waited to Marry

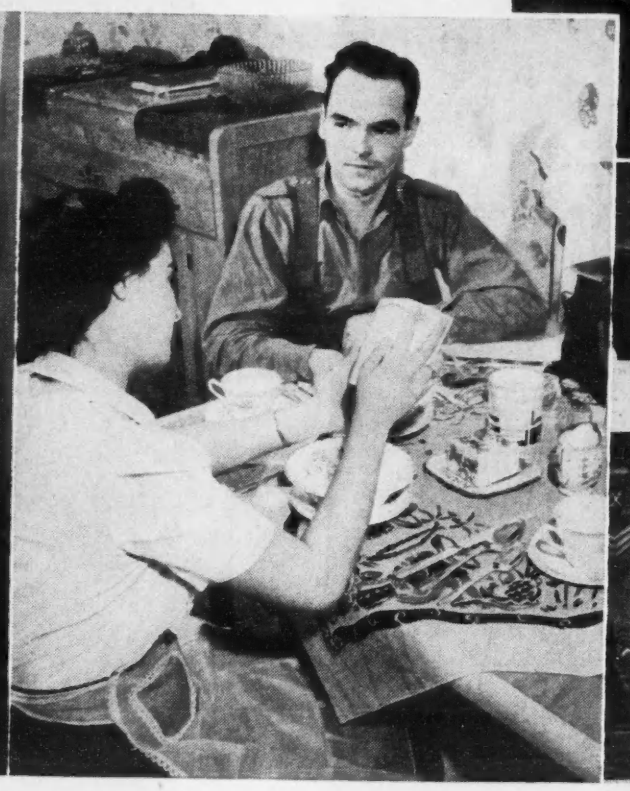


THANKS FOR WAITING. Norma Vaughan was 16, Chuck Taylor 18 five years ago. Love grew via airgraphs that followed the sergeant to every fighting front but one which Canadians have manned. Norma's mother was able helper with parcels.





WERE WE LUCKY! Best pal and wife help with the moving; Chuck and Norma answered ad. won landlady's approval over many, have most of furniture paid for.



BREAKFAST FOR TWO. Long separation has made the Taylors determined to find great happiness together. Chuck was nervous, high-strung, moody on return. Norma understands, has helped him get readjusted.



NOT THIS MONTH. Norma admits inability to pass dress shop window, so asks Chuck to handle joint salaries. She will keep job till he is settled; they plan to use rehabilitation grant as payment on small bungalow.



He asked for an escape story; she found the formula in the mountain cabin where their separate dreams were buried

Make it come True

by ELEANOR COATES

Illustrated by Jack Bush.

IT WAS coincidence. It wasn't Fate. Because why would Fate single her out for such a trick? It was just one of those things that happen in a small town like Ocono.

If there was one person you didn't want to see, you invariably bumped into him when you turned the corner to go up Main Street. If you were determined to keep your eyes on your plane of five feet one, never raising them to a height of six feet two, you found that the arrangement of seats in the theatre was a great leveller. If, when a certain regiment went overseas, you thought to yourself, "Now I'll get over this," you found out, for the next year and a half, how wrong you were.

"Guess what?" the little probationer had said to Marty in the nurses' waiting room. "We have seven new patients—officers off that hospital ship—they're in Wing A."

"Did you see them?" If you were a graduate nurse you didn't get excited when a little probie told you startling news.

"I watched Nichols making up the charts." And then although she couldn't possibly know what was in Marty's mind, she added, "One of them is that Nick Warren. You know—the one Mignon Sallans is going to marry—"

Marty plunged a pin into her finger and said, 'Ouch."

"Wouldn't it be exciting to be assigned to Wing A?" the probie asked.

"I won't be," Marty said vehemently. "I'm slated for obstetrics."

But she didn't know then how long the arm of coincidence can be when it reaches out for you.

She went in on tiptoe, and stood for a still moment looking at the long form which stretched from the top to the bottom of the hospital bed and at the extra hump where the cast encased his ribs and chest. You could see his hair, dark against the pillow, but still reddish. You could see his mouth and chin. But you couldn't tell if he was asleep or not with that thick roll of bandages over his eyes.

She was about to sit down in the straight-backed chair when he raised his hand and said, "Hello there!"

"Oh, you *are* awake," she said. "I'm your special."

"I've been expecting you," he replied conversationally. "I hope you're not being deprived of some important case. I'm not very exciting."

"They thought they'd give me something easy. I've just come off a terrific pneumonia case."

"The fact is," he went on, "they're afraid I'll set the place on fire fumbling around with cigarettes and matches. You can help out with that."

"I can do lots of things," Marty assured him. "I can read to you, and tell you the gossip, and bring you little snacks . . ."

"Life is picking up." He accepted the cigarette she was placing between his lips, pulling hard as the match flared beneath the bandages. "Do you really know any gossip?"

"Nurses always know all the gossip."

"My name is Warren," he told her, ignoring the fact that charts carry all the statistics. "Nick Warren. What's yours?"

"Mine is Williams," she replied, sitting down in the chair. "And I know all about you. I know about your eyes, your ribs and fibula from reading the chart. All about your record overseas from reading the newspapers, and all about your love life from the local grapevine, and before that—"

"Go on," he encouraged. "Your acumen intrigues me."

She was breathless and a little shocked at herself, but being in the same room with him after all these years had thrown her badly. "Before that—well, you were good in geography and terrible in grammar back in Junior High—"

"Ummh—seems you've got Warren's number all right," he commented. "I'm at a disadvantage with these bandages. Who are you anyway?"

"Martha Williams," she said. "But you don't remember me. You sat behind me in history class for a few months and then my family moved away. I came back here to go in training."

"I remember you, Marty. You have pigtails and a turned-up nose."

She laughed. "I still have the nose, but the pigtails are wrapped around my head."

"I go for that," he informed her. "I couldn't resist having them wrap something around my own head. But I'm in luck all the same," he added seriously. "The doctor says I'll be able to see when they take the bandages off."

"How long have you worn them?" Marty asked, sympathetically.

"It seems a long time," he reflected. "The last thing I saw was a scrubby piece of hill, and we were climbing over it. Then the whole thing went off in my face. I've got other people's skin grafted all over my head and even my eyelids, but they say—"

She detected an undercurrent of doubt and reassured him. "You'll be able to see all right. I read about it in your chart. You just have to wait until you heal properly, and until your ribs knit."

Something about the way his hands twitched made her realize that he was in pain. She took his wrist in her hand and said, "You'd better try to sleep. The doctor says you may have a little white pill to help you out—"

"It's nothing at all," he said, but he twitched again as he spoke. "Nothing—to what it was. And no special nurse at the beginning either."

"I'll get the pill."

Dr. Jamieson came down the corridor as she came back. "How's our war hero?" he asked.

Marty told him quickly about the spasmodic movements, and the pill and the slightly accelerated pulse.

"He's worn out with the hospital ship and the train," the doctor decided. "We'll restrict him to your quiet influence. Give him a 'No Visitors' sign for a few days."

MIGNON SALLANS' voice was restrained and musical and slightly drawling. It was everything that expensive finishing schools could make it. "Is that Miss Williams? Lieutenant Warren's nurse? What would be the most convenient time for me to see him?"

Marty explained that the doctor had forbidden visitors, and Mignon's voice conveyed polite and genuine consternation.

"Oh, I had no idea he was so ill." Mignon's inflection was only half questioning. It was as though she would in some indefinable way lose face with a direct enquiry.

"He seems tired from the journey," Marty reassured her. "He'll be fine in a day or two."

"Well, thank you, Williams," Mignon said, and the telephone clicked. Marty replaced the receiver slowly. Years ago when she had had pigtails and Mignon had had long golden curls, they had often played together, but Mignon did not remember that. Sometimes when their paths crossed, Mignon would speak. "Oh, hell-o!" she would say, as though recalling Marty's face was quite a ✦ *Continued on page 18*

There was a sort of shelf on which he could stand, and the icy water sprayed over him from the rocks above like a cold shower.

GIRLS GOTTA EAT

...EVEN WHEN DADDY'S AWAY

For a cheerful meal, start with a soup that's festive. This soup is so particularly good because it's made with extra-special care. Tender, cultivated mushrooms are rushed from the hothouses to Campbell's Kitchens the very day they're picked, blended with sweet cream that's extra thick and rich—and transformed into this wonderful soup.

Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



...SOMETIMES "WITH THE GIRLS"

Girls will talk, you know—and say only nice things about your thoughtfulness in choosing asparagus soup. For here is the very first vegetable of springtime—with the "buttered asparagus" taste that's sheer delight to most every appetite. Serve Campbell's Asparagus Soup with a gay salad and a nice dessert, and luncheon's sure to be a success.

Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP



...MANY TIMES "ALL ALONE"

There's a true hominess about chicken with rice soup as Campbell's make it, that lifts the meal "all by your lonesome" into a spot of real enjoyment. It's amazing that a dish so easy to fix, could taste so wonderful. It's because this soup has what fine chicken with rice soup needs—a chicken broth that glistens with richness, fluffy rice and pieces of chicken galore.

Campbell's CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP

Made by Campbell's in Canada



If Britain had been as some imagine—a feudal land of decaying castles and thatched cottages—the odds would have been hopeless. But Britain was a gigantic workshop, using all resources, including the endurance of her plain people. For them there are . . .

No Cheers-- No Medals

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

THERE ARE some people, who have contributed much to the defeat of Nazism and especially to the liberation of Western Europe, who wear no uniforms, have no battle honors, and will receive no public salutes and medals. They will never ride, crowned with flowers, through the cheering streets of a liberated city. They will never be welcomed as deliverers, nor even respectfully acknowledged as conquerors. Yet without them, victory would have been impossible; and the final triumph is their story too. They are simply a host of plain folk who made endless sacrifices. They are the British people.

They are the people Hitler never saw and never understood. Perhaps if Ribbentrop, when he was ambassador in London, had taken the trouble to move about the country more, had talked with foundrymen in Sheffield, factory girls in Lancashire, farm laborers in Dorset, he might not have jumped to such rash conclusions and might not have given such bad advice to his Führer, whose intuition about the British was worse than negligible. Just when the strange islanders ought to have given in, when they were almost ringed round with German steel, they decided to make a real fight of it. The defiant island became the first great arsenal and then the essential base for the attack in the West.

Let us make no mistake about the sacrifices. The people of Britain have had to live as best they could, not for months but for years, in what was virtually a vast bomb-scarred camp, an arsenal under fire, an unsinkable but battered aircraft carrier. Nearly 60,000 of them—ordinary civilians, fathers or mothers of families, young children, old folk—have been killed; and a great many more, the equivalent of a whole army, have been seriously injured. Millions of their houses have been flattened or burned out. A mountain range of precious possessions, from a child's favorite toy to priceless works of art and famous libraries, have been destroyed, lost forever.

But more than people, homes, personal possessions, has been sacrificed. Liberties for which older generations often fought and died, a whole great heritage of hard-won freedoms have been cast aside. A people who almost above all others preferred to go their own way and do what they pleased found that they could no longer work where and at what they liked, could neither hire nor fire at will, could not live where they liked, could not buy and eat what they liked, could not journey as they pleased, and were often fortunate to have a few waking hours a week to call their own. A hundred different personal notions of freedom were ungrudgingly, often eagerly, sacrificed for one blazing idea of freedom — and not just theirs but everybody's, the whole world's freedom.

THE WAR was long, and often all the days of it seemed long, dark and hard. Millions had to leave their homes and pre-war occupations, to work in distant factories, live in hostels, crowded billets, uncomfortable lodgings. Except for certain brief happy occasions, family life often ceased to exist. The young men were overseas, the girls were away with the Women's Services, working in war factories or on the land; and even the children might be evacuated to the other end of the country. All transport was severely limited; and every train and bus was packed.

Middle-aged men, after a long day's work with too much to do and too few to do it, turned out with the Home Guard or became Air Raid Wardens or fire watchers. Middle-aged women were often wardens and watchers too, after wearying hours of queueing at the food shops and of cooking and cleaning for a houseful, half of them strangers. And year after year, night after night, down came the blackout, like a colossal bag of soot.

AFTER YEARS of saving and careful choosing, a woman had a neat cheerful little home of which she was proud. One night it went up in flames. A man had a good little business that he had built up over years. It had to be closed down, perhaps forever. Britain's trade, customers, savings, all went. Farms vanished to make room for huge airfields. Whole villages were emptied to make tank training grounds. Towns were packed and uncomfortable. There was hardly anything to buy. Often a man who asked for nothing, after a 10-hour working day, but a glass of beer and a cigarette would then find there were no cigarettes, no beer. The food kept you alive (and the children were mostly healthier than before), and if you were a war-worker you had your canteen and so at least one substantial hot meal a day, but it was apt to be monotonous and easier to eat than to enjoy.

Unless you were cheating, and doing it very cleverly, there was no money to be made out of the war. There was a 100% Excess Profits Tax. Income tax started at 10 shillings in the pound (50%), and then rose steeply for higher incomes. Indirect taxation, such as that on tobacco, went soaring. (Thus, an ounce of tobacco cost seven times as much as it did when I first started smoking a pipe.) Essentials were on sale at a fixed price, but they were all strictly rationed, as indeed of course they ought to be. The minor shortages and difficulties that nobody bothers to mention—for instance, you could not buy a new clock or watch, yet it took months to get one mended —did not make life any easier. Then it was better not to be ill, for doctors were scarce and sadly overworked, and the hospitals, especially in London and the large cities where many of them had been hit, were overcrowded and had long waiting lists.

IN THAT fantastic blazing summer of 1940 perhaps it was not too difficult to be—in Churchill's phrase—"grim and gay," making great gestures of defiance and working in a frenzy of war effort. But then came 1941, and 1942, and 1943 and 1944. Every turn of the hard road seemed to show another long weary stretch ahead. And, after all, the war could not be won merely by sacrificing and suffering, though these were demanded. There was work to be done all the time. The whole nation's manpower had to be mobilized, and had to stay mobilized; and women were called up as well as men. Not only had these people to practice Fortress economics, but they had also to toil—in war factories, shipyards, foundries, on the land—as they never toiled before. Nazi Germany had 80 million drilled serfs of its own, as well as a good many million extra slaves from the occupied countries. And there were only about 45 million of us. The odds were heavy.

If Britain had been what some people still imagine it to be, that is, a feudal land of decaying castles and thatched cottages chiefly populated by drawling dukes and quaint hat-touching villagers, then the odds would have been hopeless. But Britain is really a gigantic workshop, where modern industry first took shape.

It has its agriculture, of course, and it is a fact worth remembering that although most of the young men were taken away from the farms, which have been chiefly run by oldish men and girls, we have produced about two thirds of our foodstuffs. Millions of acres were plowed up for the first time for hundreds of years. Farmers could not do what they liked with their land but were compelled to follow the national policy. But it was the workshop that grew and grew. Production was reorganized, and skilled jobs broken down, so that millions of women and girls could make aircraft and guns. (Before we had done, even housewives were volunteering to work, plenty full time and many more part time.) The production of aircraft and munitions was soon—*per head of population*—the highest in the world. Bombs, blackout fatigue, nothing, could stop it. The people were in the war with all they had.

Note that this war is the one against Japan as well as the one against Germany. Because Britain is remote from the Far Eastern theatre f war, this does not mean that the British know or care nothing about the war against Japan. It was British soldiers who were tortured and British nurses who were raped in Hong Kong. The glorious 14th Army, which has probably killed more Japanese than any other, is an army largely made up of troops from Britain. Their relatives are to be found in every town and village. It is all one war to the British people. ✦ *Cont'd on page 53*

had built, so he went in, and there was some wood, so he started a fire. And he took his fishing line and fished from the back veranda."

"Some sort of mountain trout? Did they taste good?"

"I should say they did." Marty looked at her watch and stood up. "That's the end of the installment. Time for your supper tray."

But it wasn't the end of the story. The next day he said, "Never mind the local news, let's get on with the young man's adventures. Did he stay long in the cabin?"

"Quite a while," said Marty. "It was just what he liked. The simple life. He'd fish in the morning and bathe in the river. There was a sort of shelf on which he could stand and the icy water sprayed over him from the rocks above like a cold shower. The fish were wonderful—great speckled ones. And hungry, too."

"Didn't his conscience bother him—loafing so much."

"He was tired, and the war was over, so there wasn't so much urgency."

"Still he'd want to do something constructive," Nick insisted. "I feel pretty sure he'd want to make up for those lost years when he was away. Don't you see how he'd feel?"

"He's got a problem on his hands," said Marty thoughtfully. "Sometimes he thinks that the world owes him a lot, and when he thinks of that he gets cynical and decides he'll find some way to make a lot of money—"

Nick was very quiet lying on the bed. She would have given anything in the world to have seen the expression of his eyes. She went on slowly.

"Other times he thinks that if his country was worth fighting for it's worth living for, too—and then he wants to do something different with his life. He wants to contribute something to his fellow men. He wants to do something to make life more worth living in the peace."

"You're making him very, very idealistic—" said Nick doubtfully. "If he were a great scientist or something like that now—"

The story was getting much too serious and out of hand, and Marty was glad when the telephone at the bedside rang, announcing his afternoon visitors.

APPARENTLY NICK thought it was too serious, too, because he said gaily the next afternoon, "What about love interest? There's always a girl in escape stories—love and conflict."

"One day a girl came up the mountain in an old rattletrap car, and she stopped at the cabin and knocked at the door. But the young man was out on the river at the time."

"Not taking a shower, I hope," he interjected.

"Fishing," said Marty firmly. "He always fished at dawn and dusk. That's the best time for fish—don't you know?"

"Did he give her some fish?"

"It was much more romantic than that. She went out to the trailer and brought in a checked tablecloth, and they fried the fish together—and they liked each other right away."

"What did she look like?"

"She had black hair—"

"No—not this girl," objected Nick.

"Golden?" asked Marty, thinking of Mignon's lovely head.

"Not quite."

"Auburn then."

"Nope."

"There's nothing left," said Marty, "but mouse."

"That wasn't what the young man thought," Nick laughed. "But tell me more about her. What was she doing on the mountain? Was she vacationing?"

"She was an artist," said Marty.

Nick hesitated. "Maybe I'm wrong about this girl. I thought perhaps she was—a nurse."

"She was an artist," said Marty firmly. "Maybe you wouldn't have thought so, but when she was up on the mountain she was an artist." Recklessly she continued. "Everyone has a right to their dreams—he'd had his too."

"It's a pretty good thing to have in common—a dream," said Nick. "Maybe it doesn't matter so much if the dream never comes true."

She was standing beside his bed, and now suddenly he took her hand and pulled her forward. "I'm not going to kiss you," he said lightly, "not with all these bandages—" The tips of his fingers touched her cap and her braids and her cheek. Marty drew back sharply. Without warning her eyes had filled up and in a moment tears would be dropping on his bedspread.

A shadow fell across the doorway, and a cool voice said, "Oh—hell—o," and Marty picked up a glass plate from the bedside table and hurried away.

IT COULDN'T last much longer, this strange clear brightness, in which she had been dwelling for the past few weeks. She wasn't surprised when it was over. The hospital phoned that evening to say that Lieutenant Warren had been moved to the Sallans residence. There was a confinement case waiting for her at the Boulderwood Hospital.

During the next few weeks she performed mechanically her duties of bathing, sterilizing, arranging flowers,



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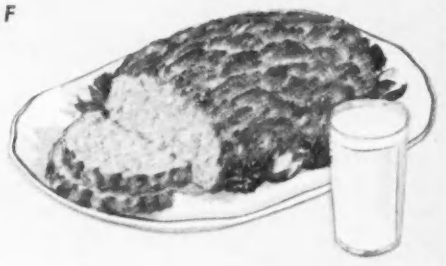
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1 egg, well beaten
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Make It Come True

Continued from page 15

difficult feat. As though right there on Main Street was the last place they'd be expected to meet.

Marty fluffed powder on her turned-up nose and smoothed her uniform. It was no use to get ideas, she told herself. She didn't have a weapon in the world. Even if he didn't have those bandages he wouldn't see her. Even if she didn't have to wear a uniform she'd still be plain compared to Mignon's shining beauty, in Mignon's beautifully made expensive clothes. She sat down and began to knit on a long sea sock.

It was like a dream that the man on the bed was really Nick Warren, who had twice received citations for distinguished service. It was like a dream that he was here, sleeping, talking, laughing, joking, after the weeks that he had been missing, when even the Sallans had given him up for dead.

In fact it was then that Ocono had found out about the romance between Mignon Sallans and Nick. Mignon had gone about looking subdued, sometimes even grief-stricken, in her chic black dressmaker suit. But she had sensibly decided not to cancel any social engagements.

Mrs. Sallans had remarked to her friends, "This is very sad for Mignon. Very sad indeed. Not that they were formally engaged, but of course everyone knew they were sweethearts from childhood." Mignon was beautiful. Nick was a hero. What could be more natural? The whole town sympathized. Nobody noticed that Marty Williams took two days off just at that time and drove her old jalopy off into the hills. Marty didn't even know Nick—did she?

But knowing a person, thought Marty, wasn't always a question of long acquaintance. Knowing and loving a person could both happen through some tiny significant revelation. In some obscure dimension she had been closer to him in those few days when he was reported missing than Mignon had ever been.

IN THE next few days he grew worse. Nervous reaction made his wounds more painful, so that the twitching increased, and his voice was thin and vague. But after that he began to get better, and Marty read him the war news, the comics and the local pages.

"Remember Jimmy Watson?" she enquired. "He's been discharged and he's coming home."

"Good old Jimmy. He was so proud when they took him—glasses and all."

"Here's a picture of Mary Vickers' twins. You remember her?"

"Oh, I remember Mary," he said. "I bet those twins keep her busy."

"Not specially," said Marty. "Her husband has a lot of money. She has nursemaids and all that."

Perhaps it wasn't tactful to say anything about marrying money. Marrying Mignon, Nick would be set for a soft life, too. A soft life in the business of manufacturing Sallans Mattresses. "Sallans for Sound Sleep."

Nick said, "What else have we to read? Or are you tired of reading?"

"There's a serial here," Marty proffered. "Something called 'Murder at the Summer Resort.' This is chapter 22."

"We've missed all but the solution," finished Nick.

"I'll bring some magazines tomorrow."

"In the meantime," he suggested, "just talk. I like the sound of your voice. Tell me a story."

"What kind of a story?"

"Well," said Nick slowly, "not a war story—just an escape story. A once-upon-a-timer."

Marty hesitated. Maybe it wasn't fair. But every woman uses her own particular weapons. Mignon had the Sallans money, Sallans Mattresses and a promise of Sound Sleep. But Marty thought she knew the sort of story Nick would like to hear. Even though he didn't know it himself.

She began, "Once upon a time there was a young man who had been to the wars. And when he came home from the wars, with medals and things like that—"

"And a few bad spots on his anatomy," Nick put in.

"He wanted to escape from everything. And so he headed for the mountains. And finally he came to a mountain that had trees on it, and a river coming down, and at the very top of a lake, with snow-capped peaks."

"Go on," he said. "I seem to like this story. What did he do when he found this magic mountain?"

"He climbed along over a little footpath the skiers used in winter. Often he stopped to look at the view, and it was just as he'd remembered it when he'd been lying in a foxhole in Italy."

"How'd you know that?" asked Nick. He was relaxed, and his mouth was curved in a wide smile.

"He looked at the flowers and bits of moss. He didn't want to miss anything. And for a few nights he slept out under the stars in a sleeping bag."

"A poncho," suggested Nick.

"Then one day, beside the river, he discovered a cabin that some camper

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"Marty," he went on earnestly. "Do you think we might go on from there with the story? Do you think that young man and the girl might get married—and then live happily ever after?"

She managed to smile, but she couldn't control her voice. It came in a whisper. "In my book—he never asked her."

"He intended to almost from the first. But he had a few unexpected complications."

"I know."

"But now," he added, "we can make it come true." ✤

Because of Claribel

Continued from page 7

any difference *now*! I've lost Charlie! You had no right inviting Claribel Tevis here for a month! I didn't even know her and didn't want to. All the girls know what having Charlie Edwards care for you means, and he cared for me until she came!

"It isn't as if she's so wonderful—she isn't! It's just her clothes—and you know it! She has the loveliest things I ever saw; heavy black silk stockings for good, and sheer black lisle for everyday, and real face powder and I have only talcum. And her pompadour's twice the size of mine and you fussed about mine!

"You said my last year dotted swiss was good enough for best, and my old linen skirts would do for evenings, and she has two new dotted swisses and stacks of lawns and dimities and even a China silk! She has *everything!* That's why she got Charlie away from me!"

Oh, she could have started a tide of resentment swelling that would have swallowed the house if she had dared, but instead she stood silent, keeping it to herself.

Her mother's small spare body moved with dispatch, getting the silver tray ready, the heavy damask napkins, the lemonade glasses, and the long twisted-handled silver spoons.

She had opened the cakebox and was setting small, neatly iced vanilla cakes on the china plate with the brown moss rosebuds, when she said hesitantly, her voice low:

"I just want you to know, Ann, I'm sorry I let Claribel come." It was her mother's first outspoken admission that Claribel was making trouble.

Ann was silent, then said miserably, "She's here now."

"Yes, I know. But I still don't see how I could have done anything else but ask her, the way her mother put it, writing she and Harry had no place to leave her when they went out to his brother in British Columbia; there was no room for her with the nurse there. I was hoping she might prove a different sort."

"Why *hoping?*" Ann asked bitterly. "Didn't you expect her to be?"

Her mother picked up the tray and offered it to her.

"I wasn't sure," she admitted honestly. "Her mother used to be a little frivolous—though I was fond of her," magnanimously.

Which only inflamed Ann's feeling. Mamma had known there was a risk when she defended the idea of Claribel coming against argument!

"But a girl I don't even know, mamma! I'll have to have Charlie get fellows for her and take her every place we go!"

"She may be so nice you'll be glad to," her mother had said.

Well she wasn't! For ever since Claribel Tevis came tripping in with her taffeta petticoat rustling like an oak in autumn, she'd bowled Charlie Edwards over and spoiled things for Ann. Spoiled them in more ways than one, for the whole wretched affair was doing something unlovely to her nature, and she knew it. It started her disparaging mamma's ideas in secret, making her think her small economies stinginess, and her wisdom prudish. It dammed up her feelings so she couldn't even talk things out, just stopped being chatty and nursed her grievances. She was carefully polite, but withdrawn. *Mamma had failed her!* She had equipped her with nothing but last year's garments, and to top it had invited a siren lavishly supplied to come right into their very house and stay. It was outrageous!

ANN ACCEPTED the tray grimly and marched to the screen door with mamma's long starched percale rattling after to hold it wide.

It wasn't as if mamma didn't see how things were—she did. She even went so far as to try and justify her standards with small homilies delivered at breakfast—Claribel slept until noon.

"Of course it's only natural for a young girl to want all the pretty things she sees, but to actually *get* them is nothing but downright extravagance! And if I were a young man I'd know it, and be on my guard with a girl of that sort!"

Ann met this without argument,

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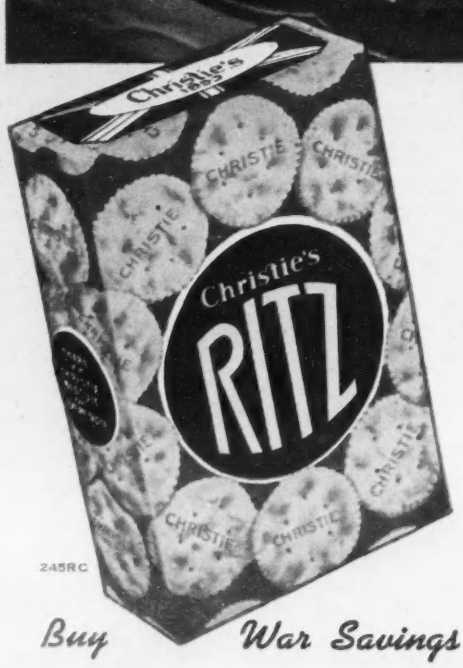
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administering pills and hypodermics. She smiled, talked and laughed in an emotional emptiness where no new experience could penetrate. She avoided the downtown streets where she might possibly encounter him. She didn't want to see him dazzled by the glitter and glamour that always accompanied Mignon and her smart crowd.

She could imagine that Mignon would say, probably without even lowering her voice, "Oh, that's your little nurse, Nick. You never saw her without your bandages, did you?"

Then the Midsummer Ball came along. The young interne, Dr. Fletcher, was insistent. He was engaged to a girl in the CWAC's and seldom got away from his routine of work and study.

"Williams," he said, "you can sit home 364 days of the year but not the night of our big local do. About 10 o'clock you'll begin to feel like a social pariah. Come to the ball. It's for the Relief Fund—a good cause."

Marty dressed carefully. Her eyes were blue grey, and they were long eyes, set well apart beneath a broad brow. She took her hair out of its customary braids and wound it in coils about her small head. In her blue evening dress with its wide skirt she looked almost pretty, she reflected. It suited her small stature better than some of the newer, sleeker styles.

She was sitting with Freddie at a small table when they came in. Six of them together, with Mignon in the centre in a square-necked gown. The tall officer was Nick, and Marty looked at him anxiously for a moment. Across the floor she couldn't detect any scars, but he limped a good deal, which meant he wouldn't be dancing.

Was it her imagination that Nick wasn't quite one of the group? He didn't laugh in the right places. Often he didn't laugh at all when the others were screaming with merriment. Somehow in the midst of the fun he looked bored. More bored than he had looked even during those long afternoons in the hospital. Mignon looked at him critically once, and turned to him with a petulance not lost on Marty.

But he was dutiful. He signalled the waiter, and ordered, and passed his battle-scarred cigarette case with unrelaxing chivalry.

And then it happened. Mignon stared straight at Marty and said, "Oh, Nicky, there's your little Williams. You know, the nurse. So competent, wasn't she?"

And Nick turned quickly and said, "Where? In the blue dress?"

HE WAS getting up, excusing himself, and limping across the wide ballroom. And now he was standing beside them, not awkwardly, but completely unconscious of the people around them. Unconscious even of Freddie, who was looking from one to the other with surprised comprehension.

"Hello, Marty," he said.

"Hello." Her voice sounded as though it belonged to someone else. Freddie had risen and Marty said hastily, "Doctor Fletcher, Lieutenant Warren." They shook hands, and Freddie with some apology disappeared from the table, as Nick bent his tall body into one of the uncomfortable small chairs.

"Marty," he began, "I wasn't sure it was you until I heard your voice."

She could see the scars now. Not very evident, just thin white lines crisscrossed on his forehead and nose. The eyes were the same, brown eyes, calm and slow moving. He covered her hand with his and said urgently, "Marty—about our story—"

"Oh, that—" she said lightly.

"The other day," he said, looking at her earnestly, "when the young man got the bandages off his eyes, he went up the mountain to that old cabin where he used to fish."

"He did?" she whispered, her cheeks bright and her eyes suddenly misty.

"I wasn't quite sure about that story until then," he went on. "I sort of thought, but I wasn't quite sure how you knew so much about the young man's problems and the young man's dreams . . ."

"And did you find the key and unlock the old chest?"

"Yes, I did. And I found the old manuscript I'd started about camping and the wild life on Mount Shubal. And I saw the illustrations that the girl artist drew."

She was looking at him breathlessly. "I loved it, Nick, when I found it," she said. "It was shortly after you went overseas. I got stuck up there in the car, and stayed all night in the cabin. I read your script, and I—I hoped you'd be back to finish it."

"I loved your illustrations," he said. "They gave me a new idea for the whole thing. They're so neat, and humorous—"

"I suppose I had a nerve to do them," she reflected. "But when you were missing, I went up there and took the manuscript out of the chest. I had an idea I might be the only person in the world who knew about it—"

"You were," he admitted. "It was a secret dream of mine."

"I couldn't resist doing the sketches." Some time she would tell him what the manuscript had meant to her during the days when Ocono believed that Nick was gone.



18

BLACK and ALL SHADES of BROWN

brought down Ann's dotted swiss, saying, "You might just as well wear this if you're dancing tonight; pressing will freshen it."

Ann pressed it, and decided she'd rough her hair above her roll, wearing her pompadour as full as she could. She was determined to let Charlie Edwards see she had style too! She kept thinking about the choice of a belt as she ironed and decided on pink in preference to white when the telephone on the wall galloped one-two, one-two, and it was Claribel.

"That you, Ann?" the voice at the end of the wire was small and faint and very sweet.t "Why I called was to tell you Charlie can't get Russ for tonight, so we've decided to canoe all afternoon and early evening—that is if it's all right with you"—anxiously.

"Certainly it's all right with me," Ann said tartly, because she couldn't help it. "Why wouldn't it be?" As if Claribel cared whether it were or not! She'd probably giggled her head off with Charlie about what to say.

Mamma stood by, waiting to hear what it was, and when Ann turned from the phone and said in a dead voice, "I'm not going dancing. They're staying at Silver Springs," mamma's small body stiffened with feeling. Sometime later she came back where Ann was ironing and said, "I think I'll run downtown for a while. There's a little shopping I'd like to do."

Ann nodded without interest. She heard mamma getting ready overhead, moving around with her light quick step, then she heard her come down the front stairs and go out the screen door, and the bitterness in Ann rose high against her. Maybe she shouldn't feel the way she did, but even if you argued it wasn't altogether Claribel's clothes that made Charlie like her, it came back to that, because pretty clothes gave you confidence, and confidence affected the things you said and did.

The truth was mamma was just plain old-fashioned and she had a right to keep up to date! Even if grandma had ruled her household with an iron hand, and thrift, duty, and obedience had been watchwords in their home, mamma didn't have to be governed by them all her life! And Ann's iron jabbed at the dust ruffle of her petticoat with venom.

Deliberately, she avoided the fact that mamma was worried about Claribel taking Charlie; her eye had lost its self-reliant brightness. Not that mamma cared one bit about Charlie Edwards, she didn't, and had declared herself openly, even as she sampled a trilby and a sugar-violet from the five-pound box of chocolates Charlie had sent only last Valentine's.

"That young man has too much money for his own good!" mamma said, and her voice held no approval. You couldn't buy mamma! Though she didn't like seeing Ann made unhappy; only Ann refused to think of that now and nursed her grudge. She changed irons, clipping the removable wooden handle on a hot one from the plateful on the stove and started on an embroidered corset cover. Sometime later mamma came in the front door, the whisper of packages accompanying her along upstairs.

Evening came and Ann sat silent and apart on the front porch, a lonely figure, morbidly aware of mamma unhappily watching her.

It would be lovely on Silver Springs creek this evening. The sun glancing low on the water, and shadows lengthening between the heavy, overhanging trees. They would probably dance afterward. That orchestra played such heavenly waltzes. Some of her friends would see Claribel with Charlie, and know she had taken him from her.

The street was so quiet you could hear the ice-cream daisie-man at the next crossing crying, "*Daisies! Daisies!*" and the crickets in the yard beginning to chorus. Several times mamma swung her small body forward on her linen-towelled rocker and cleared her throat gently as if she'd like to say something, then thought better of it. Once she ventured, "It's warm." But as Ann made no response, lapsed into silence, though Ann knew there was something on her mind because she had looked self-conscious all through supper, which was always a sign.

Ann went to bed early, glad of the chance to be alone, but she didn't sleep. She kept thinking of the lights and music at Silver Springs, and of Claribel dreamily swirling in Charlie's arms.

It was late when Charlie brought Claribel back. The night so still Ann heard his horse come walking slowly up the street, and the duet of soft laughter under the maple out front where they sat talking. Sometime later Claribel let herself in with the key mamma had tucked under the cocoa doormat, her skirt rustling past Ann's door. Ann struck a match. It was a quarter past two!

THE NEXT morning the General Delivery wagon left a package that mamma took straight upstairs. She came down almost at once, her cheeks slightly flushed, and said with some embarrassment. "I—I bought some dress material for you yesterday. It's on the couch in the sewing room. I thought you might look at it and see



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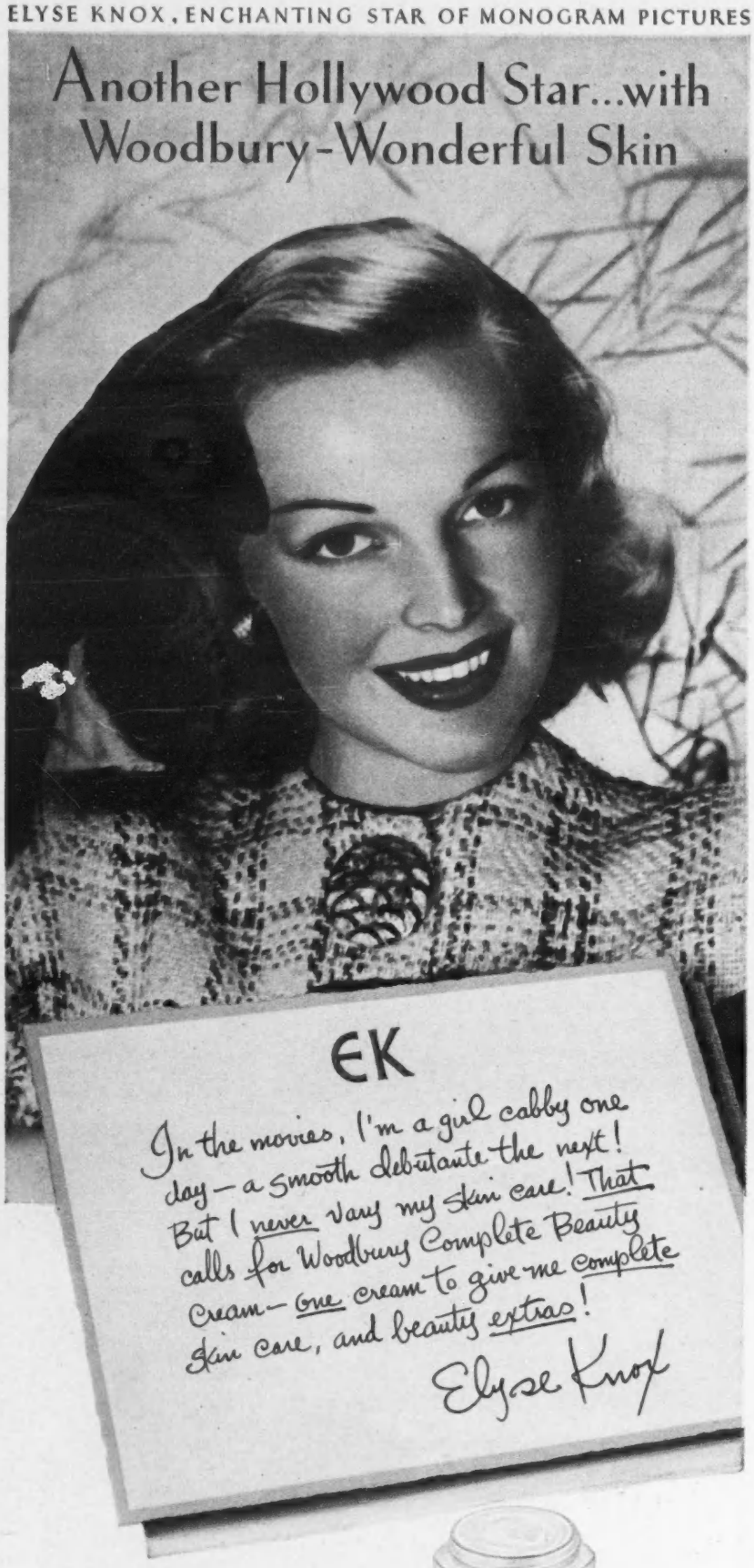
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which after one or two more abortive efforts on mamma's part silenced her. Mamma had no resistance to a stony front. In fact she even gave in to the point of buying a round green box of Java rice powder which she left on Ann's bureau by way of cementing the rift. But Ann, threatening to melt at the very sight of it, hardened herself.

She wasn't going to be bribed into sociability, not when she had been handicapped with so much thrift she had lost Charlie!

It wasn't as if Charlie Edwards were just anybody. He wasn't. He was the town catch and everyone knew it. His father not only owned the big iron works but the only automobile in town, and Charlie himself had a beautiful spirited bay and a yellow-wheeled gig!

Ann stepped out on the porch balancing the lemonade tray, and Charlie leaped to her side. She distributed glasses and sipped her own morosely, noting that even the way Claribel drank lemonade was different. Claribel sat on the slat bench beside Charlie, her lace-trimmed pink lawn fluffed, her blond pompadour top-heavy, looking deep into her glass, then unexpectedly at Charlie, then dropping round grey eyes to her glass again, like a charming child.

It was *very* effective, and Ann, stirring sugar at the bottom of her glass, knew it; but mannerisms like Claribel's went with the sort of clothing she wore, dainty and whirly-girly. For *her* part she could *never* act that way in last year's starched linen!

But Claribel was saying, "Charlie's getting Russ Whelen tonight and we're all going driving in his father's car. I can hardly *wait!* I simply *adore* motoring, don't you, Ann?"

Ann smiled and nodded because she had to, but she knew when evening came and Charlie drove up in his father's big touring car Russ wouldn't be with him, nor would they stop and get him. It was always the same when Charlie said he'd bring a friend. He'd rather have Ann along as an extra than run the risk of sharing Claribel.

Evening came and Claribel tripped downstairs fragrant with Azurea in a medallion-trimmed dotted swiss, rosettes on her leather slippers and her pompadour a work of art!

Ann, in last summer's crisp linen skirt and batiste blouse, watched her, feeling prim, then she heard Charlie's car. It came chugging up the street in a cloud of dust and stopped with a flourish. Charlie got out, a linen duster over his dark blue suit, and linen dusters over his arm for Claribel and herself.

"Couldn't get Russ," he called breezily as he came up the walk. Ann knew he wasn't telling the truth and despised herself for caring.

Charlie helped them in, with mamma watching from the edge of the front porch, her voice cautioning gravely with, "Drive carefully, Charlie!"

Claribel clamored to sit in the middle. "Then I can have you on each side," she insisted. So they all squeezed together on the front seat made for two, and sailed off into a miserable evening for Ann.

They wound up at Silver Springs Park to dance, and Ann sat out two times to Claribel's one, because Claribel was teaching Charlie a new two-step and they wanted to practice.

On the way home Claribel said sweetly, "Ann, would you mind *very* much if Charlie took me canoeing at Silver Springs tomorrow morning? You always iron your dresses Tuesday morning, and I won't have a *thing* to do."

"Except sleep like always," Ann wanted to say but said, "Of course not. That will be nice," and tried to sound as if she meant it.

"We'd like to have had you too," Charlie hastened to add, "but Claribel says you're always busy Tuesday morning," his eyes on the road ahead, but his shoulder pressing Claribel's, who pressed back. "So we'll all go together some other time. And I was telling Claribel I'll get Russ tomorrow night sure and we'll dance then—that is if you'd care to."

Ann nodded and smiled like a mechanical toy, and said, "That will be nice," knowing even the way she talked was prim, for Claribel was tapping her toes excitedly on the car floor, crying ecstatically, "How heavenly! I'm simply *mad* about dancing!"

The next morning Ann watched Claribel, in a light blue batiste and wide white chip hat heaped with water lilies, hurry down to Charlie's gig.

"That skirt of hers is away too short," mamma observed severely from the parlor window. "A good two inches above where her shoe tops would be. Nothing modest about *that!*"

Ann turned in silence and went back to the kitchen and started ironing.

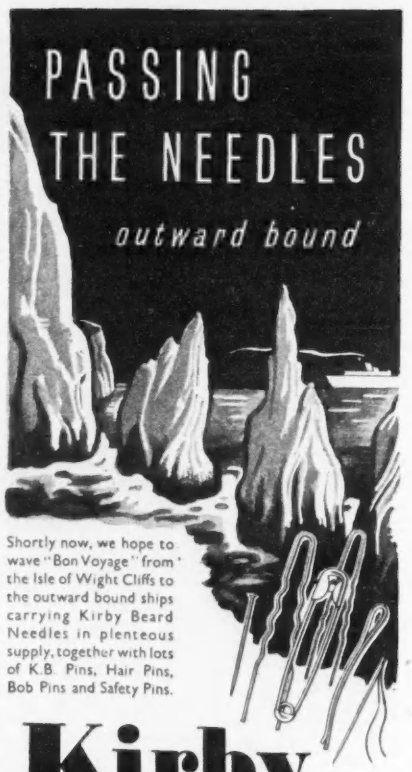
"You could have gone just as well as not," mamma said a little pitifully. "I told you you could this morning. I'd have ironed your things for you. Besides we could have left what you didn't want right away, for Hetty. She could skip cleaning the front room this once."

"They don't want me," Ann said with bitter satisfaction.

MAMMA WASHED the breakfast things in troubled silence. Later she

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She'd be upstairs with mamma when he came, and Claribel could entertain him on the porch alone.

"Thank you," Frank Bender smiled. "I was just going to ask if I may."

Something in his voice made Ann look at him quickly. She saw to her surprise he had stopped eyeing Claribel and was looking at her again, and something in the way he did it, something positive and assured, told her when he did come, it would be to see her, not Claribel!

THE MOP in the next room gave the windowsill a final whack. Young Ann was through cleaning her room, then the door of the sewing room pushed against the box of photographs.

"What's cooking?" Ann asked, sticking her head through.

Her mother looked up, her eyes filled with visions of the past.

"Just looking over some old pictures. One of me in a dress I wore the time your father and I announced our engagement. Mamma made it." Holding up the picture.

"Lemme in," Ann demanded.

Her mother gave the box a shove.

"Who's the gal with the hairdo?"

"Someone named Claribel Tevis. That was ultra in 1908."

"Where's she now?"

"I really don't know. But because of her your grandmother made me this dress," touching the little blue satin roll, "and burned herself making quince honey, which was when I sent for your father, as you've heard before—and 'hooked him,' as he says '

Ann reached for the blue goods.

"Funny," she said

"What is?"

"You marrying a doctor."

"Why?"

"Because mebbe I will."

Her mother sat up. "Ann! You're holding out on us!"

Ann giggled. "Don't look so bothered. I'm not—much."

"Ann, something's happened you're not telling. It isn't that Stewart boy, is it?" with concern.

Ann slid out of the door, sticking her head in again to shake it at her mother. "Nope." She had her father's eyes, dependable brown ones. "But you'll like him. I do!" tormentingly, then she ran downstairs.

Mrs. Bender sat back, photographs spilling off her lap. Ann in love, marrying, having her own home and babies!

Her eye came back to the pictures, mamma's and Uncle Norrie's. She picked up the little roll of blue material. Someday Ann would be glad to go over all these things with her. It was nice to have pictures of your mother's people and friends; see the different dresses she wore.

"Which pile's going out?" a voice teased from the door and her husband pushed it wide.

Mrs. Bender looked up at him. Frank had changed surprisingly little in 37 years, grown grey, of course, but his face was still the same kind strong one, if noticeably tired.

"Frank!" she lowered her voice. "You know what . . . Ann's interested in a doctor!" Then Mrs. Bender stopped at something in her husband's eyes. "Frank! You've heard from *Toby!*"

Her husband let the letter drop in her lap. "Flown the Hump of the Himalayas and is off on leave for a while." And something of tension eased in his forehead as he said it.

Mrs. Bender swept the blue goods and photographs from her. They were part of the past and dear to her heart, but this was the present, and dearer, this moment, with word from her boy. *Toby was all right!* And unmindful of anything around her, Mrs. Bender picked up her son's letter and read! ✤

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how you'd like it made, then when I get through my quince honey I can start in on it."

Deliberately, Ann made herself nod without interest, and slowly put the breakfast things away. She saw the disappointment in her mother's face, but fought down the pity that rose in her and went out in the yard and gathered hydrangeas for the stand on the front porch, thinking bitterly they'd be nice for Claribel and Charlie.

She went upstairs finally, and opened the sewing room door, still feigning disinterest even to herself, and saw on the couch, backed in its manila wrapping, the loveliest sky-blue stuff she had ever seen, soft and silken, with a length of the same shade in satin for trimming.

Her small cry of admiration wouldn't be stifled. It was the very sweetest thing in the whole world—prettier far than anything Claribel had, even her China silk! The odor of boiling quince preserves rose from the kitchen below.

Poor little mamma was trying to make it up to her about Charlie; hurrying through her honey so she could spend the hot summer day sewing for her. Something started swelling in Ann's throat that wouldn't stop; something that accused and rebuked as nothing ever had before. *She'd been so mean to mamma!* She turned swiftly for the door and in the same moment heard the scream, high and agonized, that came from the kitchen below! *It was mamma!* Speechless with fright, Ann took the stairs, her ears filled with the cries that were small and pitiful now.

Mamma was on the floor, the pan of preserves spilled over everything, and her face white as death as she tried to wipe the scalding stuff from her ankles with the edge of her apron.

Desperately Ann flew for cloths, working to get the boiling fruit away. She loosened mamma's stockings and rolled them down, turning sick as the skin came with them. But mamma had fainted and was lying small and still on the kitchen oilcloth.

Frantic with fear, Ann ran to the telephone, clinging there weakly as she turned the crank.

"Hello . . . Oh, please get me Doctor Turner. Mrs. Carll's scalded herself. Tell him to hurry!"

Crying there on the floor beside mamma, Ann knew an eternity until she heard the horse that came galloping up the street and the swift-running footsteps over the porch.

"Back here!" she cried in direction, as the front door opened; then looked her dismay. It wasn't Doctor Turner who came in. It was a tall young man she had never seen before.

Just for an instant a pair of brown eyes met hers, then the young man was kneeling beside mamma working fast, his case open, unguents and oils coming out. But he had read her look, for he said, "I'm Doctor Bender. Doctor Turner's on his vacation."

Prayerfully, Ann watched the skilful young hands.

"Ugly things, burns," he said once.

Mamma opened her eyes.

"Ann," she murmured.

Ann sobbed so she couldn't answer, her tears dropping on mamma's face.

"Don't cry, dear." Mamma only called her dear when Ann was sick, which made her cry the harder. "I'll be all right," mamma said faintly. "That pan holder slipped."

"Don't talk," Ann sobbed. "You were hurrying on account of me."

Doctor Bender had finished the dressing and lifted mamma's little body like a child's.

"We're going to put you to bed," he said gently.

Ann led the way, but looked back and saw mamma's head resting with confidence against the broad young shoulder. Mamma liked him.

AFTER THEY had made her as comfortable as they could and Doctor Bender gave her a sedative, he looked kindly at Ann and said, "I'd take this too, if I were you," handing her two small white pills. "And try not to worry. She'll be all right with time."

Ann nodded miserably, unmindful of her nose that felt fat and pink from crying.

"It's too bad it happened," he said sympathetically. "I'll drop in later this afternoon and see how comfortable I can make her."

Ann sat in the darkened room watching until the small figure under the spread sighed and stirred.

"Mamma, how do you feel?" she entreated.

"My ankles hurt, but I'll be all right, Ann. Don't worry."

"It was all my fault," Ann's voice broke. "I was coming down to tell you how beautiful that dress goods is. It's the loveliest I've ever seen." She could hardly get it out. "I've been so mean. . ." Her head sank on the pillow beside the smaller, greying one.

Mamma's hand reached up and held it close.

"We've had a bad time," she said, and her own voice was unsteady. "We'll tell Claribel to go. I don't like having you made unhappy. Not that I think Charlie Edwards is much. I don't." And mamma tried to sound firm but couldn't quite. Then she added half to herself, "But the young are only young once. I guess I'm just an old fogy." Her voice trailed as if she were suddenly tired.

"No, mamma," Ann protested. "And we'll let Claribel stay. I don't mind about Charlie any more." Ann's voice was certain. "Just so you get all right."

"You'll look nice in blue," mamma said softly after a time. "It always looks so pretty with your eyes."

Then they heard the tap on the half-open door and the pleasant voice that asked, "How's the patient?" and Doctor Bender came in.

In the lower hall they stopped, Doctor Bender and Ann.

"Feel all right?"

Ann nodded. "I will be when mamma is."

"She's going to be," reassuringly. "Just takes a little time."

He had, Ann decided, the nicest brown eyes she had ever seen, and a good dependable face—not as handsome as Charlie's but stronger; and looking at it, Ann knew suddenly she liked it a great deal better.

Then she heard Claribel's heels on the stairs and the swish of her taffeta slip.

"How is Mrs. Carll, doctor?" Claribel asked, and she made the concern in her voice something breathless and sweet. She had on a fresh voile and stood looking up at him, stylish and appealing.

"She's going to be all right I'm glad to say," Frank Bender said, looking back, with interest.

Watching them, Ann felt her spirits droop, then remembered mamma. It was her fault she was lying upstairs suffering. It brought her up sharply and made her say:

"Doctor Bender, this is Miss Tevis, my house guest," renunciation in her voice. "Since you're visiting in town too, doctor, we'd be glad to have you drop in and see us if you'd care to."

undone, small fists tucked under his chest, while his hair, the same bright color as Peg's, was tumbled in burnished circles over the flat pillow. Dick had leaned over the bars and placed his hand gently on the unconscious head. "Good-by, happy sprite!" he murmured. He had bent down and kissed his son on the warm blue shadow that rested like a transparent petal on the nape of his neck.

That had been four years ago. It was different then. He'd been a whole man: physically and mentally. Now . . . he turned his head on the pillows, opened his eyes and looked at the place where his right arm should be. He thought of his right leg: "You'll limp for quite a time, I'm afraid, old man," the doctor had said. "Take it gently when you get home. You've been through quite a bit, you know. Need rest."

Yes. He supposed he did need rest. Of course, he could postpone getting acquainted with Jeremy until after he'd rested. But then the kid would be disappointed. He'd want to look at his dad, he supposed, talk to him, find out all about him. He'd have to do a lot for the boy as soon as he got home.

Yet Peg had written: "Jeremy's independent. Perhaps that's my fault. I tried to make him so. I was afraid that if anything happened . . . he'd need that independence. But now you're coming home, darling . . ."

Captain Richard Banning was afraid. He was afraid as he'd never been afraid during all his years in Africa and Italy. He was afraid, for the first time in his life—of himself. Afraid of his nerves, his weariness, the deeply cut ravines of pain and horror, not yet healed; the avenues of fresh feeling graven into him during the last four years.

He reached for a bag hanging from the chair next to his bed and, fumbling inside, drew out a picture. For a long while he lay looking at Jeremy's face staring back at him in blithe young arrogance.

"Good lord!" he said at last.

The child looked back at his father with eyes like the soft eyes of an animal. Yet they had a singular dauntless look about them, too. His schoolboy nose, tip-tilted, seemed to bespeak a high-handed gay indifference to everything around him. His eyebrows, smooth, winged, lay far apart, slanted at the corners like an elf. Dick looked at his son's slim long-fingered hands, at the knubby-kneed gangling legs; then his gaze returned to the boy's eyes staring directly at him from the snap Peg had sent.

"Hi-ya, son!" he said.

He thought for a moment that the gold eyebrows lifted, that the deep fearless eyes smiled into his own. "Hi-ya, dad!" he thought he heard Jeremy say.

He hoped it would be like that when they met. Just like that. But he was afraid.

THEY WERE at the station to meet him. He saw Peg's smooth bronze head first, under a fabulously flirtatious hat of burnt straw and daisies. He'd not seen a hat like that for years. Suddenly, his brown boot on the steps of the coach, he remembered the perfume Peg used to wear: wondered if she'd changed it. Perhaps her face, even, would be changed . . .

For a moment he forgot everything in the sudden and violent pain of joy that racked him as Peg strained against him, her arms flung about him in an agony of greeting.

They both forgot the child standing beside them. Suddenly Peg laughed, her eyes filling with the tears that had been restrained when he left. "Darling, oh, Dick — Jeremy — here's daddy — won't you . . ."

Silence fell upon them then, as Jeremy came slowly forward. His eyes had leaped to his father's face, to his right leg, stiff yet, and difficult to manage: to his empty right sleeve. " 'lo, dad!" he said, with a gentleness that startled Dick.

"Hi, son!" he said. "How's tricks?"

He hadn't the remotest idea how to speak to a seven-year-old. When he'd left Jeremy, the extent of their mutual discussions had been a cheery exchange of "Daddy-daddy," and "Hi-ya, punk!" Before him now stood a tall slim little fellow whose vocabulary probably contained words he'd never heard: a stranger whose life had been lived a million worlds away from his own. He wished to heaven he could remember what it was like to be seven. Not the outward visible being seven, so much as the more vital important, *inner* being.

Peg shoved Jeremy forward. "Go give daddy a huge hug, Jeremy!"

Jeremy stood perfectly still looking down at his own shoes. Then he looked up suddenly, his face solemn and whiter than it had been a few minutes before. "Have you a wooden leg?" he asked simply.

"This is *it!*" thought Dick, looking down into his son's face. But he hadn't expected it this way. Not on the station platform.

"Have you?" asked Jeremy.

"No, son," answered Dick. "It isn't. It's stiff, that's all."

"Jeremy," said Peg, "let's ask daddy questions tomorrow, when he's not so tired."

"Why's he tired?" asked Jeremy. "He's been resting for ages, in the hospital, haven't you?" He turned to Dick, excluding his mother for a brief moment of masculine intimacy.

It was terribly confusing to Dick. A wrong word now, and it might take months to set things right again. And he wanted to take things up gradually. There was Peg's face, for instance: lines in it he hadn't seen before. Her eyes, too, were different; deeper somehow, he thought. He wanted to be near her, to know, past all doubting, that she would comprehend him now, as she had before. He wanted to be certain that, as before, she would approach with seeming nonchalance and infinite delicacy those areas within him which, at least for a time, must remain his own.

She moved past Jeremy then, and stood before him. Her eyes looked into his, unafraid, serene, and filled with courage. "I know, exactly," she said, "it must be trying, but nothing to be afraid of. Let Jeremy be. He'll work it out *for* you. Just see. Children have a much finer sense of proportion, more perception, in the long run, than we. Just see!"

Jeremy was looking at his father's luggage, idly kicking the pigskin bag with his foot. "Gee, dad!" he said suddenly, "can I put this haversack on my shoulder?"

"You may," said Dick, relieved a little. He smiled. "And now, where do we go from here?"

"Mum said we could have some ice cream," said Jeremy.

"Ice cream?" said Dick. "The very thing!"

Peg spoke about the car, the old grey coupé. It was waiting outside, she said, they'd been saving gas for weeks for the long run home. Well, Peg would have to drive. He'd rest; look around. Talk to Jeremy maybe. But then, there



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Myth #1

If you have the symptoms, you *must* have the disease.

That's not true! Such symptoms as pain or a feeling of oppression in the chest, shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heartbeat, *may* be signs of heart trouble, but frequently come from other sources.

Consult your doctor if these symptoms occur. His diagnosis, aided when necessary by the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph, may enable him to reassure you that you have *not* heart trouble.

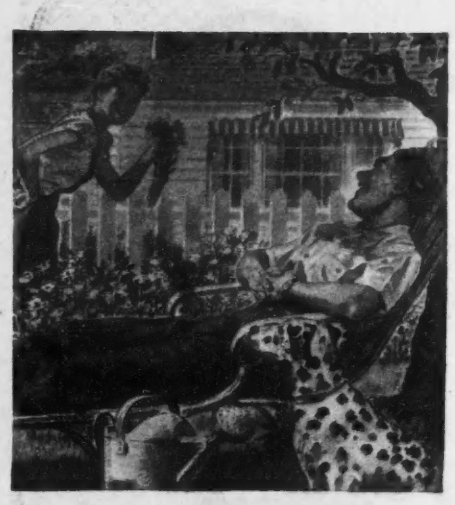
Myth #2

If you're going to get it... you're going to get it.

That's not true! Everyone, particularly those over 40, can do much to forestall heart disease by following these rules:

1. Exercise regularly, but moderately. **2.** Keep your weight down. If overweight, *bring* it down. **3.** Get plenty of sleep—8 hours a night for most people. **4.** Eat moderately. Be moderate in use of tobacco or stimulants. **5.** Have a yearly examination by your doctor. Follow his advice.





Myth #3

If you have heart disease you will be a permanent invalid.

That's not true! Thousands of people who have heart disease are leading useful and nearly normal lives by following their doctor's advice.

There's a lot of truth in the expression, "To live a long life, start taking care of a bad heart early."

For helpful information concerning your heart, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 85L, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE: OTTAWA

Morning

Continued from page 5

daddy." Beneath the picture Jim had scrawled: "Nothing to be afraid of here, man!"

Dick slid the clipping and the hurriedly scrawled note back into the impersonal casing of the envelope. They were Jim's affair: the dark laughing eyes of his wife and the signs of already dawning femininity in the face of his small daughter.

He lay for a long while looking out of the broad window that faced him, over the quiet oak trees that had been a symbol of so much in England for so long. It was an incredibly beautiful afternoon in early spring. Something in the air stirred one to a kind of sentimental introspection. The ward was very quiet, with most of the men dozing, and a few of those already up playing cribbage in the corner.

It was a stupendous thing: this transition from the dust and stench of battle, the hot gaping mouths of guns and half-naked cursing men, to a wide white hospital ward where men spoke easily and quietly to one another; where they laughed, read letters. *Waited.*

Dick Banning closed his eyes. It was over for him, at last — the waiting. He was leaving for home in two days. *Home!* he held the word within him until it began to expand and blossom with a ripe rich fullness he could hardly contain.

ALTHOUGH PEG and he had been married after knowing one another only six months, there had been no haste contained in their decision. There had been only a serene, almost unacknowledged acceptance of the fact that the incomparable harmony, wholeness and strength they knew when together became a bleak sense of separation and discord when they were apart—a discord which neither of them, vigorous, honest and orientated as they were, could endure. They went one morning to look at houses. In the afternoon they visited a real estate agent. In the evening they walked through the empty waiting rooms of the house they had chosen, and they stopped before the door to the largest room upstairs, a room with two walls alight with windows and a golden sweep of shore. This, they said, shall be "his" room. They were certain of what they wanted. The next day they were married.

Dick saw again the low house with its cool pale stone walls, the green and white awnings, the door with the Egyptian knocker Peg had discovered with such glee in an antique store on the day of their first anniversary: "For our topsy-turvy-tattered house," she had said.

She had come out into the evening with the hammer and four smooth brass nails, and had knocked the figure of the bronze dancing girl onto the door herself. He'd been stooping over the garden hose, trying to adjust the loose nozzle, and had straightened himself to stand and watch her. The loose blue dress she'd been wearing no longer concealed what she called her "major secret," and when she'd finished hammering with her light, sure, regular movements, he'd gone up to her from behind and turned her around, and the sun, spilling into the sea behind them, had shone with a near-glory upon her face.

They'd walked by the sea later, and then she'd gone in to take a bath. He had found her afterward standing motionless beside the windows in the nursery. "It won't be long now," she had whispered, placing her small strong hands into the pockets of his tweed jacket, drawing him close to her.

Dick moved his head among the pillows. Two days. Only two days more, and then in a week or so he'd be home: "Captain Richard Banning arrives home in Vancouver, and is welcomed by his wife and young son, Jeremy. Jeremy says he doesn't remember his dad. He was only three when he left."

YES, JEREMY had been only three. Dick remembered the day well, and the night that preceded it. Half of that night Peg and he had spent sitting on the empty shore a few yards from the house. Somewhere, he remembered, a gull had stirred and given a small thin cry, and Peg had crept closer into his arms. They had gone in then, and upstairs, and neither of them had slept. It was as if their room had been cradled against the very arch of heaven.

They had had breakfast before the broad low window that watched over the sea. Peg had been very quiet, sitting in front of him in a long white wrapper, her feet shoved into her gold-and-white "honeymoon" slippers.

"Jeremy's sleeping," she'd said gently, passing him the paper like any other morning.

"I'll have to be going in an hour."

"Shall I wake him?"

"No," he'd said. "Let him sleep." He had looked across the table at her, breathing in every last line and shadow of her face. Her eyes, deep and green as sea water, had looked back into his own, and — miraculously — she had smiled. Suddenly she was in his arms.

Later she'd looked into his empty cup: "I'll make more." She'd given his shoulders a little push toward the door then. "Go on up!" she'd whispered.

He'd gone into Jeremy's room alone. The blinds were drawn, and in the dim early morning light he'd bent over the crib and looked at his son. He lay on his stomach, one button of his blue sleepers

Who Has Not Paddled by Moonlight?

By MONA GOULD

Who has not paddled by moonlight
Into the light, white
Heart of silence . . .
Who has not followed the pencilled
line of a dark shore
Where a grey veil . . . thin as a
nun's veil
Comes down to touch the water . . .
Where pines stand holding their
tense dark green-ness
Against the darker night,
Must search forever for the silver
core
Of Beauty!—

Harsh are the shoulders of the lowering rocks
That lean their gnarled ungainly
shapes
Above the shivering waters;

Here is an island, peopled with
ghosts
Both grave and gay;
A rickety wharf, where sailboats
tied their slimness up
In other days;
Now lost forever all the echo of
voices,
Moth-light, the stillness.

There is a silence where the soul
kneels down
Oh very close to Beauty;

Brush shoulders with her
Paddling in the moonlight!

Chatelaine Beauty



Photograph courtesy Northam-Warren, Limited

Time on your hands

by Adele White

WHEN I'M interviewing a girl for an important job," said the personnel manager of a large business concern, "a job with a future, and also one where she'll come in contact with our clients, one of the first things I look at are hands.

"A girl who's seeking employment will wear a smart costume," he continued, "her hair and make-up may be inspection-perfect, but, unless she's naturally fastidious, she may arrive with sawed-off nails, chipped polish or workaday rough hands, with the mistaken idea that they don't show while she's talking to me. What she doesn't realize is that unattractive hands point to a big flaw in her character—sloppiness. And the chances are she'll lack feminine charm."

These are the words of a man who hires hundreds of girls a year, and who knows what he's talking about.

Good grooming of hands always—every day—seven days a week—is just as much a keynote to character as fresh-as-a-flower cleanliness.

Time and equipment are all you need to attain this goal. *Time?* About a quarter to half an hour once a week with a minute or so each day for minor repairs. *Equipment?* Small cuticle scissors, emery boards, orange sticks, cuticle remover, cuticle oil, polish remover, color and protective polish. Now see the next page for the process itself.

wouldn't be room, now that the kid couldn't sit on his knee. A little thing . . . but how would a kid adjust to such changes after four years of sharing everything intimately with his mother? Now, suddenly, a third person around, one who couldn't get around very well—who limped, and had a hard time dressing himself, or even eating. He suddenly remembered the ice cream.

They were almost out of the station now. Jeremy, who had gone ahead, the straps of his father's haversack slung over his shoulder, was already installed in the rumble seat of the car by the time Dick's slow steps had brought him outside.

Peg helped Dick, with light, almost gay movements, into the car, then she carried the pigskin bag round to the back, and Jeremy leaned over to help her. He looked at her, his eyes widened in tremendous comprehension. "Mum," he said, "I was thinking. Can daddy *eat* ice cream, with only one hand? Can he?"

"Why, darling!" She hadn't thought of that. Neither, apparently, had Dick.

"Well," said Jeremy, words pouring from him, too clean, too swift, to pain. "Let's go home, and I'll go to the drugstore and get it . . ."

"Of course, that's quite the best thing to do. And you won't mind?"

"It's better," said Jeremy. "You get more in a brick!"

Peg drove well, and the blue line of the sea was soon in view. "I thought," said Dick after a while, "that he wanted to stop for ice cream?"

"Yes," answered Peg smoothly, "but he thinks he'll get more if he calls for a brick. He's terribly keen on his stomach, you know."

They let Jeremy off at the drugstore near the house and drove ahead together. Soon the "topsy-turvy-tattered house" was in view, the rambling garden path, the bronze dancing girl hung from the door, the awnings; the wash of the sea, the languorous call of the gulls hung about Dick's ears with remembered joy, and the keen scent of old wood and salt and tar rose up to greet him. Peg drew the car to a halt, took her hands off the wheel, and turned to him. And under the high cloud-studded sky, before the house and quiet garden, Dick drew her to him: "I'm home, Peg," he said. "Oh, lord, I'm home!"

In 10 minutes Jeremy returned with a brick of ice cream, and two cones. Marching into the living room, he shot his arm out toward his father.

"Here, dad," he said, handing him a cone. "I broke my arm last year, the same arm as yours," he said, "and Mum always got me cones. I could hold 'em better!"

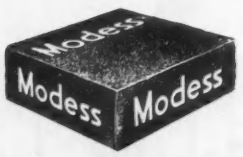
✦ *Continued on page 33*



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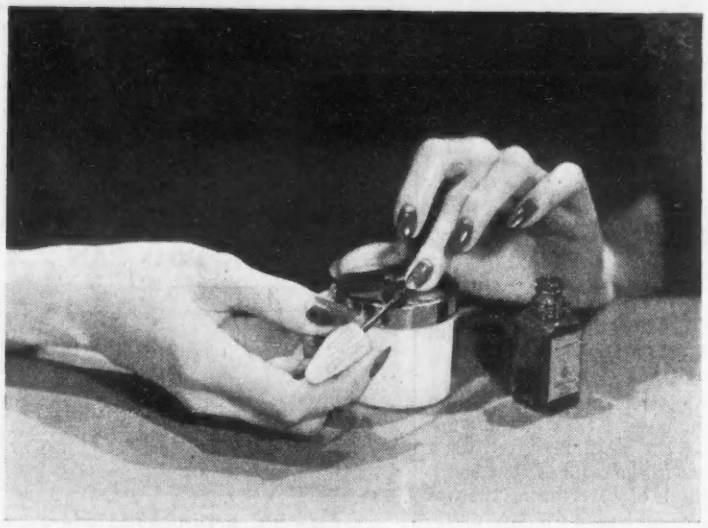


CONTAINS LANOLIN

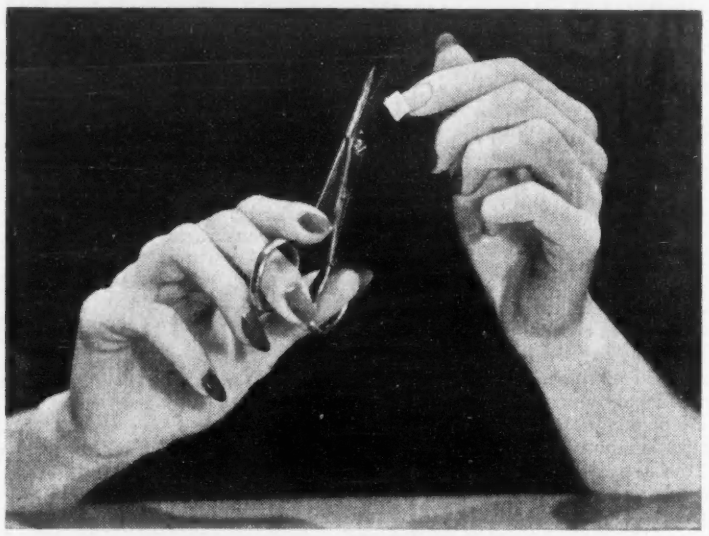
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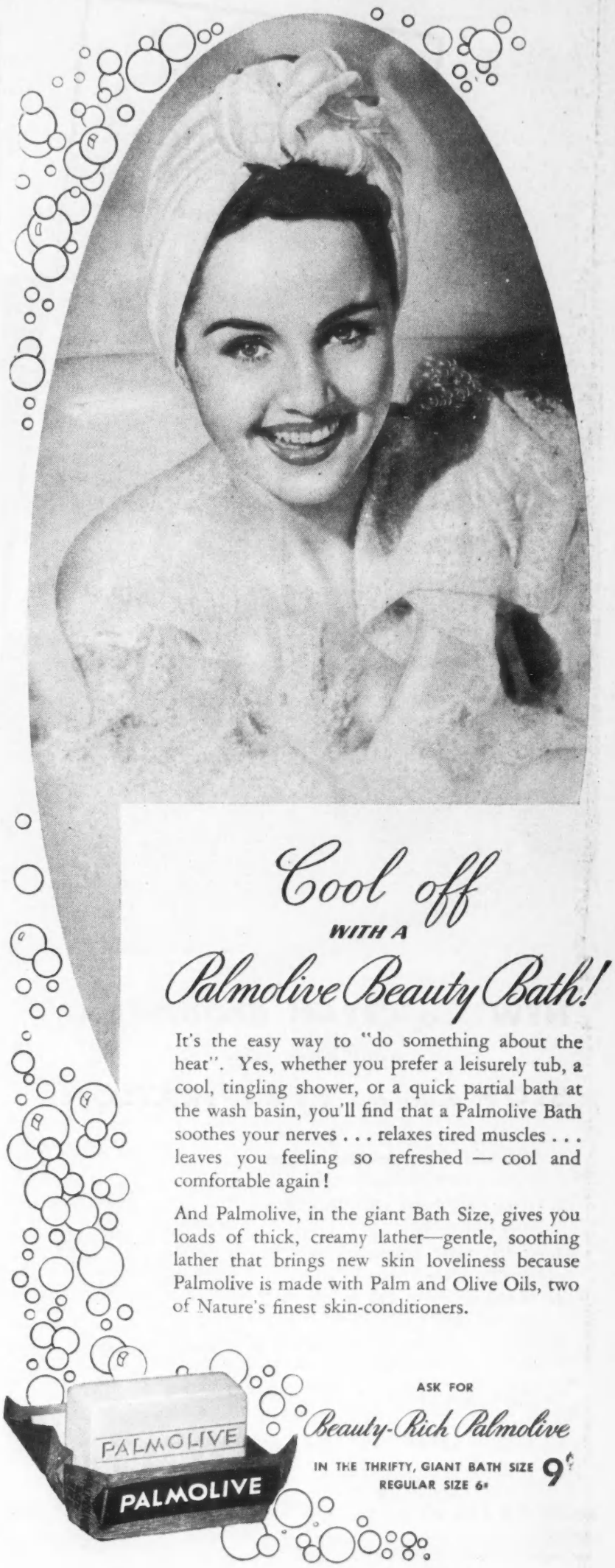
Fourth: you're ready to apply polish. Steady the hand you're about to work on, against the side of a table. If you want your fingers to seem long and tapering, bring the polish right down to the base of the nail, covering the half moon. Apply the polish in three even strokes—one down the middle of each nail, one on each side. Let dry thoroughly, then paint on a coat of colorless polish protector, to keep your polish from chipping.



For an emergency nail break, when you don't want to go around with one stubby, foreshortened finger, try using a small piece of tissue (as shown in the illustration above). Cut the tissue to fit the broken part of the nail, stick it on with some protective polish, then when dry, apply two coats of color polish. There's an old wives' tale that polish causes brittleness and splitting. Wrong! Color polish actually strengthens your nails.



Once a week give your hands an oil bath, because half the trick in cultivating lovely hands is to have cuticle and skin soft and pliable. Heat a small saucer of oil—just warm enough for comfort. You can use almost any kind of household oil—salad, castor or olive. Keep your hands in the oil bath for at least five minutes, then dry each finger with pieces of face tissue. No need to remove color polish for this. The oil won't affect it.



Cool off
WITH A
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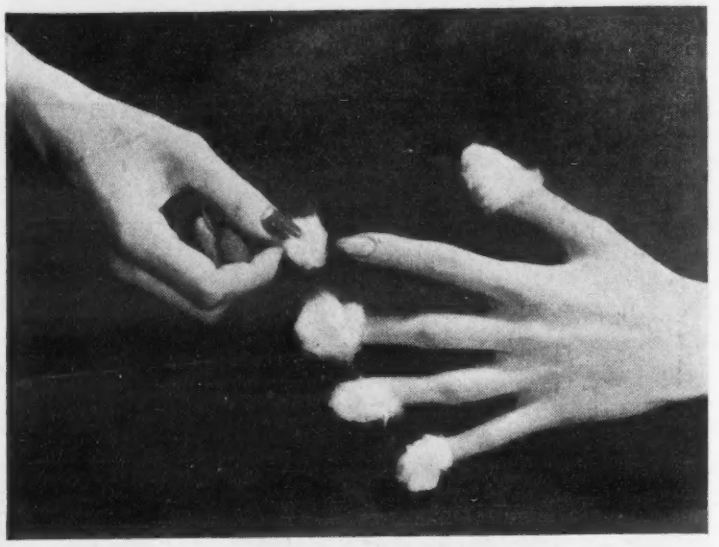
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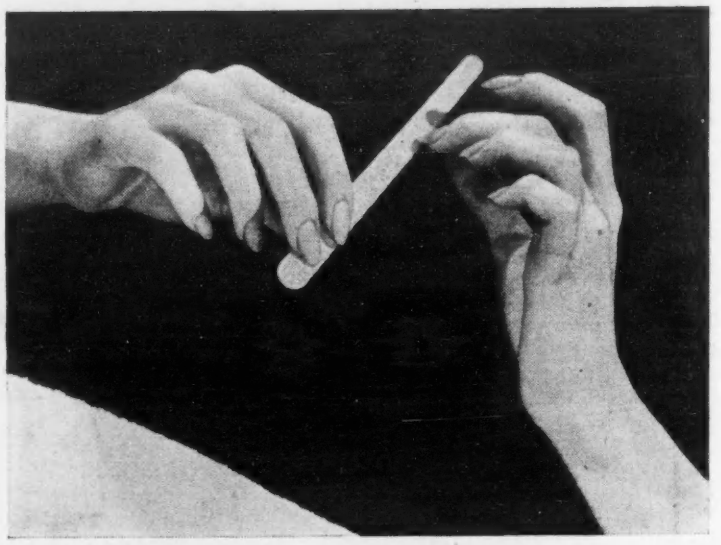
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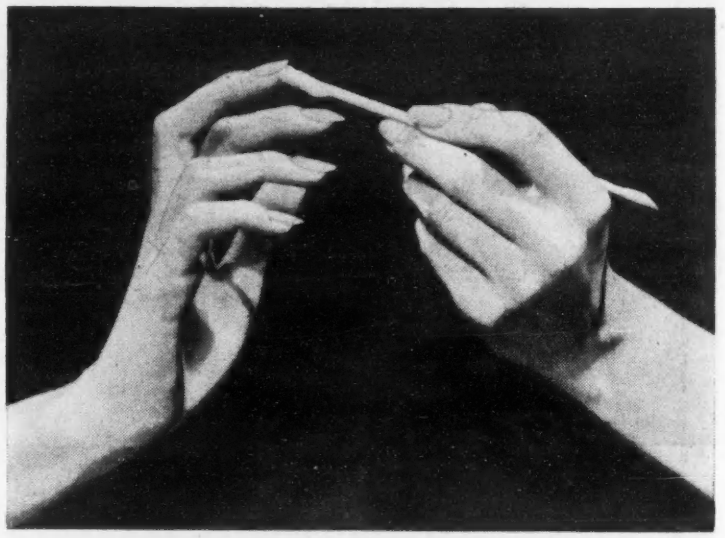
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The first step in your manicuring routine is to remove all traces of former polish. Finger mittens are a new idea for doing this quickly and expertly. Saturate tiny pads of cotton with polish remover, leave one on each nail while you count to 10, press the pad firmly and draw it off and you'll find the polish will vanish in one clean stroke. Or you can use one pad and do each nail separately. Press down before you rub.



Second: use a long flexible emery board to shape your nails—it's safer than a file, as hard metal may injure the delicate tissue around your nail and cause an epidemic of white spots, which take from four to five months to grow out. Oval-shaped nails are more practical for everyday wear, and, in our opinion, more attractive than the mandarin type of long pointed claws which break off more readily because the sides are filed away.



Third step: soak your hands in warm soapy water; dry them. Wrap the tip of an orange stick in a small dab of absorbent cotton, dip it in cuticle remover and push down the cuticle of each nail, gently scraping off any dead tissue; clean under each nail with a little more cuticle remover—excellent for stubborn stains. With sharp nail scissors cut any hangnails as close to the skin as possible. Use cuticle oil to prevent hangnails recurring.

Morning

Continued from page 28

"Well, thanks, son," said Dick.

They were silent then, father and son. And Dick knew again the rising terror.

Unblinkingly, Jeremy watched his father as he ate the cone. Peg hadn't brought the brick in yet, and the boy sat cross-legged on the floor, his hands folded, looking up at Dick. You could feel his mind racing forward, plunging backward, straining, within his own sane, reasonable cosmos, to account for adult insanity. His enormous eyes were being commanded by some innate rule of taste, some naked power to feel, to look at everything about Dick but his right side. Then, when he thought his father wasn't looking, his eyes became riveted on the useless sleeve. He wanted to communicate with his father on a plane beyond such brutality—a plane of his own—a boy's green field of ball and bat, of sunlight and vigorous unquestioning growth, of common regard and decency.

They sat before each other in silence. Dick, too, wanted to reach his son on his own ground. But how?

Jeremy looked up then, watching his father lick the last vestige of ice cream from the empty cone. "Gee, dad!" he said.

With terror mounting Dick heard the compassion in his son's voice; the questioning and the doubt. He looked at Jeremy and winked broadly. "Hi-ya, punk!" he said. "How about that other cone?"

THAT NIGHT Dick found himself talking to Peg as he had thought he would never speak to anyone: at least not for some time. She let him talk on in the concealing darkness, not moving, hardly daring to breathe, lest, by reminding him of a listener, she should stem the onrush of the suddenly released accumulation of four years of unnatural, desperate and often desolate, fighting and living.

"I've spent years training youngsters to kill, Peg. I've spent my days planning to kill, or killing. Those hours of the nights when I was not too dog tired to do anything but sleep, I dreamed—half awake, half asleep — of every darned thing under the sun. Coherent, sane, enlightened thinking has been impossible for four years. That's a long time. And yet I've changed inside. I know it. I don't see things as I used to do. Things that were once important no longer matter. Things that didn't matter are now of paramount importance."

She lay watching his lean face in the moon's light, hardly believing that he was actually beside her again. "I think," she said softly, "that even those of us who have been at home have changed. Many of us don't feel the same about things as we did. One grows, even in normal times. In war, one can often leap into emotional maturity almost overnight."

"Yes," he answered. "I found that with the people over there."

His voice continued in a winding maze of disjointed sentences so that she could hardly follow the path he was trying to take in an effort to clarify for himself the steps now demanded of him in the days that lay ahead. She was unable to fathom the beginning of his bewilderment, and dared not attempt to visualize the end.

He came at last to Jeremy.

"How did I do this afternoon?"

So this was the centre of his torment: how had he made out with Jeremy? Peg laughed in the darkness, moved nearer to him, and laughed again. Dick listened to her laughter, and found in its normalcy a strength and confidence he thought he had entirely mislaid.

"You were wonderful," he heard her saying. "Jeremy doesn't take easily to people, even the nicest of them."

"Do you think he took to me?" His voice held a real anxiety.

"*Darling* . . . of course! And there was nothing false about his liking you either."

"How do you mean?"

"Well"—her voice was level, cool, more gentle than he had ever known it—"I hadn't built up any particular preconceived idea of you for Jeremy. I mean, he knew you were his dad. He knew you were fighting, and why. He knows everything about you as a soldier and a little of you as a man."

Dick was silent, lying close beside her.

"That is," she continued, and her head lifted a little on his shoulder, "he knows 'the man' part of you as I knew it, for there was nothing else to give him."

"Was it enough though?"

"Darling," Peg took his hand and held it against her face. "Like all children, he reserved his own right to judge. He waited until your return to *sense* the kind of man his dad really is. Do you see?"

"Yes, but I'm only half a man at the moment, I mean emotionally—mentally. I'm tired, and so forth. I can't react to his search for me as I am with anything more than a third of me."

Peg raised herself a little, turned Dick's face to her and slowly kissed him.

"So long as that 'third' of you meets Jeremy on his own ground," she said, at last. "So long as you pass muster with him by his own broad and plastic set of rules, you'll do, darling, never fear."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

He sighed, stretched his leg uneasily. "I wish I knew the way," he murmured.

"I think Jeremy knows," she answered him. "I think, too, that when he decides to show you his telescope, you'll know you're friends. And if you are, it'll be for keeps. Children are immensely faithful, and hardly ever discard the confidence and trust that have been acknowledged between them and anyone else." She spoke slowly and gently,

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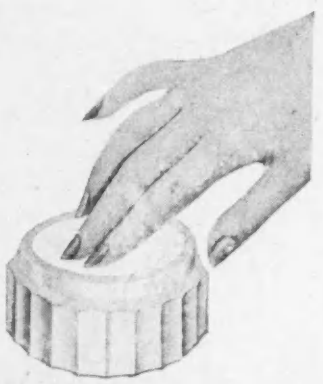
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One of our bright teen-age readers has sent in her own recipe for clearing up an outbreak of skin blemishes—popularly known as "hickies." She gives her face a complete rest from creams and make-up until it clears, but, in order to keep her skin from becoming dry she follows this routine night and morning: (1) lathers her face with mild superfatted soap; (2) rinses thoroughly; (3) massages in a liberal application of baby oil swiped from her three-month-old brother; (4) blots with face tissue; (5) splashes ice-cold water over her face to whip up circulation; and (6) while she's near the tap she remembers to drink a big glass of aforementioned water.



There are few things so important in keeping young and attractive as a full, rounded throat and a firm, clean underchin line. If you continue to be blessed with these beauty assets as the years go by, you'll be the type of person who inspires other women to whisper with obvious envy—"She doesn't look a day over 30 and I *know* she's a grandmother!" When you're very young, a smooth throat and firm chinline are a work of nature; but as you grow older it becomes a work of art and massage. Before your muscles lose their tautness and elasticity, start taking it under the chin: at least a hundred brisk pats a night, administered with the backs of your hands—wrists held loose. Give your throat the same treatment you give your face—a thorough creaming twice a day starting from the base of your neck and working up to your chin in front and up to your hairline in the back. This will help prevent creases and crepiness, which are black marks against youthful beauty. ✚



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fell against the fireplace. There wasn't much sound, but Jeremy wakened.

He saw his father immediately, standing by the grate. "Oh, dad," he said, sitting up. "I forgot."

"Forgot what?" asked Dick, ramming tobacco into his pipe.

"That you were home."

There was silence then. "Why are you here in my room?" the boy asked suddenly.

"Thought I'd come and see if you were asleep," Dick answered. He lit a match, and Jeremy saw his face warmed by the small flame.

There was silence again, while Dick, leaning heavily on his left arm let himself, down into the chair. He sat there smoking, saying nothing, and Jeremy lay beneath the white sheet and looked across at him. Then he spoke: "Mum used to come and lie beside me sometimes," he said, "and we'd talk. You can, if you like."

Dick looked over the top of his pipe at the tip of his son's nose, very still and white in the moonlight. "Well," he said, "that sounds like a good idea."

He lay beside him, and Jeremy stuck his legs out as far as they would go. "I've an awful long way to grow till I'm as big as you," he laughed.

"I don't know so much about that," said Dick.

"Almost miles!" said Jeremy.

Silence.

"Dad!"

"Yes?"

"Will it take very long?"

"The telescope!" Dick thought desperately. Peg had explained. Look at it through *his* eyes—the thing as he sees it. It exists for him as a simple fact. He accepts it, wants to know its duration —quite naturally. "No," he said at last. "Not very long. A month or two maybe. Say, till the summer holidays begin."

"And you'll be able to swim with me?"

"Yep!"

"And maybe bat, and run, and go hikes?"

"I think so."

Silence.

Waves fell on the shore beneath them —without restlessness; obeying some great urge, some law that lay beyond their comprehension.

Jeremy's voice: "Dad?"

"Yes?"

"It wouldn't matter if you couldn't."

"No?"

"No, there are lots of other things. One *special* one!"

"Yes?"

"Yep!" He sighed deeply, with simple immense content. "In the morning, when we wake, I'll tell you."

Not until the moment he fell dead asleep again did Jeremy move toward him. Then, flinging one slim arm across Dick's chest, he buried his head in the crook of his father's arm. Dick looked down at the fair head; touched with a gentle finger the blue shadow that rested, like a transparent petal, on the nape of his neck. And suddenly, for the first time in many months, he felt a lightness within himself, a wholly unexpected exhilaration welling up within: the carefree dogged exuberance of old. Suddenly he too fell fast asleep.

AT DAWN, when Peg wakened, Dick was not beside her. She sped into Jeremy's room. It was empty. Wondering, she hastened downstairs, out into the kitchen to the broad window that watched over the sea.

Two figures stood on the shore that stretched before her. The smaller one was performing a kind of wild Indian war dance at the edge of the water. She could hear his delighted cries from where she stood.

The large figure, left arm outstretched in frigid wonder, was bent before a child's tripod, gazing through a telescope at the one bright star in the morning sky. ✚

Twenty Questions

Continued from page 11

12. Lacking ice, how can one keep liquids cool and food fresh in the summer?
   (a) Blow on them.
   (b) Place them in an earthenware container, cover with a wet cloth and hang in the open.
   (c) Bury the earthenware container in wet leaves.

13. Which of the following describes poison ivy?
   (a) A tall sharp-leaved plant with purple berries.
   (b) A bushy round-leaved plant with thorny stems.
   (c) A low smooth-stemmed shrub whose waxy leaves are in clusters of three.

14. Which would you guess was the weight of the heaviest large-mouth black bass ever caught in North America?
   (a) 8 pounds.
   (b) 14 pounds.
   (c) 22 pounds.

15. What bird can fly backward as well as forward?
   (a) Red-beaked Bulbul.
   (b) Ring-tailed Wifflesniff.
   (c) Hummingbird.

16. Which of these is the most ferocious of animals?
   (a) Insect-eating shrew.
   (b) Frumious bandersnatch.
   (c) Bengal tiger.

17. If you are piloting a motorboat downstream, do you—
   (a) Keep the white buoy to the right?
   (b) Keep the red buoy to the right?
   (c) Keep your fingers crossed?

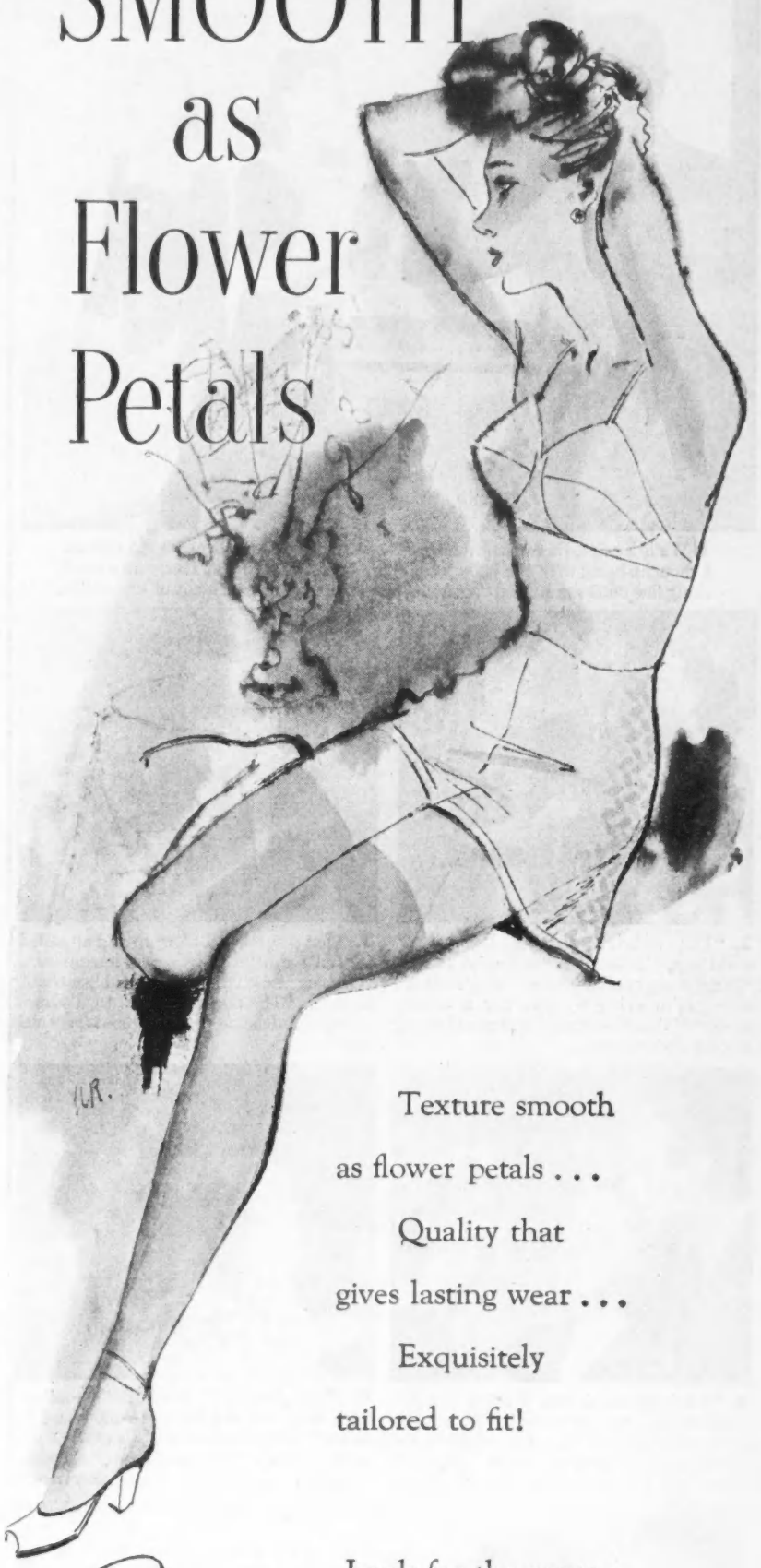
18. Migrating birds are seen and heard more distinctly in the spring than in the fall. Why?
   (a) They wish to attract attention to their Florida tan.
   (b). They fly about half as high going north as they do going south.
   (c) Our senses are keener in the spring.

19. What is peculiar about the bone joints which connect a deer's front legs with its body?
   (a) It has none.
   (b) They squeak like the dickens.
   (c) They are ball-and-socket type.

20. Animals that prey on other animals have one universal characteristic. What is it?
   (a) They smell something offal.
   (b) Their eyes point forward.
   (c) They are untameable.

✚ *Answers will be found on next page.*

SMOOTH as Flower Petals

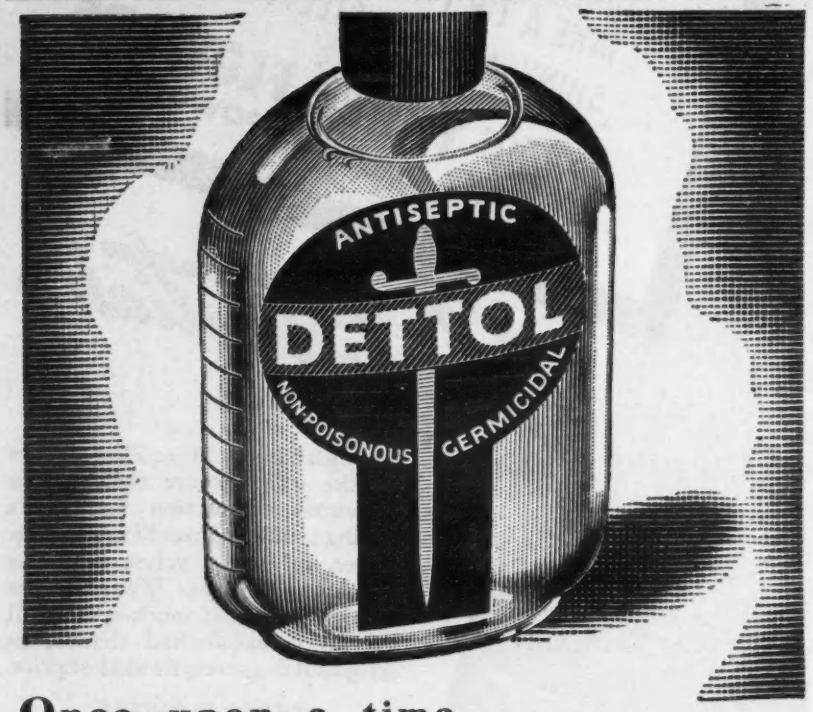


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G.8a

deliberately, and in a little while felt the tenseness in Dick's body relax.

"I see," he said at last.

"Try to look at things through his eyes," she persuaded him, knowing his bewildered anxiety. "You know," she continued, "children are rather like the telescope Jeremy has in his room, when you come to think of it."

"How do you mean?"

"Well"—she sat up beside him and flung her slim arms around her knees—"I've found with Jeremy that if I look at life through his eyes, I almost always see things more clearly, more sharply defined . . . you know?"

"You mean more realistically, too?"

"Well, yes. Our minds are sometimes so worn with prejudice, with fears of one kind and another. Their eyes are honest and fearless."

Slowly, almost as a spring will well up from the earth and wind a leisurely laughing way over stones and grass in its search for some far-off ocean, Dick began gradually to realize a dawning sense of wholeness where there had for so long been chaos. He turned to Peg, pulled her down beside him, and let his hand wander over her eyes, her hair, her throat . . . "Just to make sure it's not a dream!" he said.

The moon came round the tip of jutting rock along the beach, and splintered their room with cool lances of light. They talked on, Peg fell asleep.

Unable to interpret, at first, the small sounds that seemed to eddy and swirl about him as he lay with his eyes closed, Dick tried tabulating them: first, the silk-thread ticking of Peg's blue-and-gold clock on the table by her side; then the fruff-fruff of frilled net curtains, billowing like gossamer ballet skirts in the breeze from the sea; the secret wash of small waves on the empty shore; the call, somewhere out in the moonlit night, of a single bird.

All else was still.

Such peace, after a world at war, such sanctity, in the midst of unutterable ugliness, known tonight in its fullness against the years he had so recently left, created within him an urge for unnamable things. He had never cried. He felt now as a woman must feel, he thought, for he wanted to weep.

He rose gently, stiffly, and threw his dressing gown over his shoulders. Limping slowly across the floor, he fumbled with his left hand in the pocket of his uniform and pulled out his pipe and tobacco. Then, glancing at Peg to see that she still slept, and moving awkwardly in the dark because he could not remember where the switches were, he found his way into Jeremy's room.

In place of the crib he had known before, there stood against the wall a long narrow iron bed on which Jeremy lay sprawled. Dick looked down at him for a long time, his empty pipe jammed between his teeth. Then he moved across the room, looked at the boy's desk, his toy box, an enormous old teddy bear humped against a corner, one black eye hanging by a thread, lit up grotesquely in the light of the swift-rising moon. Dick remembered the teddy bear. Remembered the day he'd bought it for Jeremy. Against the other wall, standing alone, with a carefully placed strip of velvet beneath it, stood a telescope.

So here it was, his passport to the thing he wanted most in the world. He touched the gleaming instrument lightly with his finger, and then, as quietly as he could, turned to sit down in the large blue linen chair. But sitting was awkward yet. He stumbled, made to make the mantel with his right arm, and



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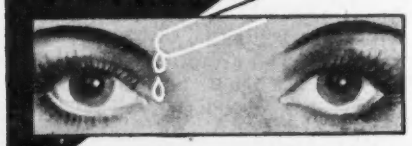
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Lots of Love

Continued from page 9

way and so the fair thing to do was give *her* the advantage of clear space in front of her men; and then he laughed and suggested Canfield, and the afternoon darkened, and it was all very pleasant . . But much too friendly. And in spite of what the columns said, a girl couldn't throw herself at a man's head, not when the man knew her as well as Andrew did. He would have laughed.

And then at six the telephone rang, and it was Carolyn's soft melodious voice wanting to know if Liz had stayed at home after all that week end—she was at the station, she was just going to get a taxi. "Sure, come along," Liz said, amused, and hung up.

"Who was that?" Andrew said.

"My cousin Carolyn. The Western branch, you know. She's here now."

"Oh, Carolyn. Isn't her voice love-ly?" he said, drawing it out as if he somewhat detested her cousin Carolyn, and then she looked at his face and realized with astonishment that he was instead in love with her cousin Carolyn. She was quite sure; it was very plain. She had seen that enchanted look often enough in the faces of other men, and it always made her wince a little because it reminded her a little too vividly that she herself was neither beautiful nor enchanting. But this time it made her more than wince.

"Do you know her? I didn't know you knew her."

"I met her in Montreal last month. Why did she call you up now?"

"She wanted to know if I was home—I'd sort of talked of going out to Aunt Lilian's till Monday morning, and she doesn't like to be here alone at night," she said, not quite so amused any more at this funniness of Carolyn's.

"What's she afraid of?" he said, laughing, and then he said, "No, don't tell me. You'd blush."

"I wouldn't blush," she said, trying to be gay about it, but the afternoon wasn't cosy any more, it wasn't lamplit and friendly and warm. It was bleak, hopeless. If he was in love with Carolyn. . .

In 15 minutes Carolyn was there; and Liz was all dressed up in a rustling green taffeta housecoat with her blond hair shining and smooth, and Carolyn was dishevelled after four hours in a train, but Andrew was gazing steadily at her from the moment she walked in the door, and Liz knew then where she was.

Liz looked at her too, at her small perfect face and cloudy dark hair, at her wide blue eyes and black lashes, at her one-sided ironic smile. She was smiling at Andrew. She said, "Hi. Where'd you come from?"

"Three blocks down and four blocks over," he said amiably.

"What were you doing there?" Carolyn said, taking off her suit coat and straightening the long full sleeves of her white blouse.

"Living. I just got myself a job."

"Oh, good! Look, have you people eaten? Well, look, let's dress up a bit and go out and have a meal—I'm starved. I'm hollow. And we'll need another man—I'll call up Niles or Bill or Edward—how does that sound?"

"It sounds like fun," Andrew said, grinning. "And we can go to the Tremaine. Liz has been yearning to go to the Tremaine . . ."

But not like this, she thought, feeling cold and forlorn, like something unnecessary that had to be bothered with. Not like this . . . "Sure," she said. "Sounds wonderful . . ."

IT WASN'T wonderful, and he was hard to understand. By the end of the week she was on the edge of losing control and saying all the things she was thinking. At the Tremaine on Sunday night he had kept watching Carolyn in bemused silence, but Niles, who was redheaded and awkward, had been the one who danced with her; and when Andrew dropped over to the apartment on Tuesday, and Liz sat on with stiff determination in the chintz chair, doing her nails, he hadn't seemed to mind having an audience; he had gone right on gazing at Carolyn, soberly enchanted, looking—almost—like a lovelorn idiot. Lovelorn certainly; not quite an idiot. Niles was the idiot—he blushed and stammered all over, he picked up the gloves and handkerchiefs and handbags that Carolyn was always dropping, as if they were spun glass in his hands. Andrew at least kept himself decent to the eyes. But how did he hope to get anywhere if he wandered along at that pace?

On Friday night the four of them were going out together again; they paused to decide on a location as they stood on the sidwalk, just as she and Andrew had done that first night. "The Terrace Room?" Carolyn suggested. "Good steaks there . . . Adelard's? Or Scolini's —I'm starving for spaghetti . . ."

"Or how about Danny's?" Liz said after a while.

Andrew laughed. "No," he said firmly. "On the whole, no . . ." He was looking at Carolyn again, extravagantly pretty in pale pink and a black cape; thinking of Danny's and the grubby waiters, Liz could understand. Not good enough for Carolyn, no. But it hurt. "Let's make it the Tremaine again," he said, and Carolyn said eagerly, "Why not? Fried chicken livers!"

"And it becomes you," he said. "It will go with your hair." Carolyn smiled at him; he smiled back, very close this time to the lovelorn idiot.

The Tremaine did become her; it was all pale grey and rose-colored, with iridescent walls and gentle lights. It didn't especially become Liz, who was defiantly wearing her third new dress of the week, red-and-white-and-black striped taffeta. But that didn't matter. Niles danced with Carolyn, clumsy but unable to make her look clumsy too; and Liz and Andrew sat at the table for the most part in silence. There wasn't much to talk about. She said at one point, "How's the job going?" and he said, "Oh, I dunno. I'm not too sure I like it," and then was silent again. Not a very good evening.

And then the music stopped, and Carolyn went toward the powder room and Niles came back to the table alone, frowning a somewhat artificial frown. "Carolyn," he said, "has picked up a headache somehow. I said I'd take her home, but she says you two should stay —she doesn't want to break it up so soon for you, so you stay and I'll take her home. That's all right, isn't it? I'll owe you for the check, Andrew," he said hurriedly, and grinned in a confused way and hurried off, looking very happy and very guilty.

"Shall we stay?" Andrew said.

"Might as well go too," she said cheerlessly.

He beckoned to the waiter, taking his time, waiting patiently for his change. She said, "They'll have gone if we don't hurry."

"Oh," he said, "let the boy have his taxi ride—it means so much to him."

"I can't understand you," she said.

Outside in the crisp autumn night, bright with lights and traffic, he said,



Whatever mysteries lie in your hands, Dura-Gloss nail polish will add still more. Dura-Gloss is a lacquer of mystery, attraction, great beauty. Liquid jewelry. Wear Dura-Gloss always.

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"Hear that, Ted? Your mother's criticising me again!"



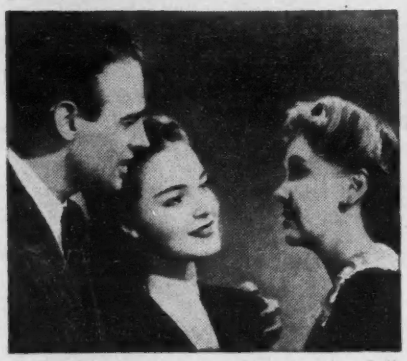
1. While Ted's father was on a long business trip, Ted's mother came to visit us. I thought being with the baby would cheer her up. It did, at first, and we got along fine until she started "sounding off" about my management of little Jean.



2. "You certainly pamper the baby," she'd say, "with all these special things. Special soap, special powder—don't tell me *now* you're going to give her a *special laxative!*" One evening she was complaining just as Ted came in.



3. That was when I blew up and appealed to Ted for help . . . he was magnificent. "Of *course* we give Jean a special laxative," he said. "The doctor told us to, because a baby's delicate system needs special care."



4. "Adult laxatives can be too harsh," I chimed in, "so we give the baby Castoria. It's made especially for children — effective and gentle, never griping." With that Ted gave Jean some Castoria.



5. "My goodness," cried Ted's mother. "See how well she takes it—she seems to *love* it!" "She *does* love it!" I smiled at my mother-in-law. "Well, my dears," she said, "I guess I'm *not* too old to learn a new trick."



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria — senna — has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

Answers to 20 Questions

Continued from page 35

1. (b) is correct.
2. (a) is correct. You have a 50-50 chance of surviving the bite of a large rattlesnake. The Black Widow's bite is fatal only once in 100 times.
3. (c) is correct. If the milk is kept on ice, it will probably remain sweet. Thunder does not sour milk, but the atmospheric conditions which accompany a thunderstorm are favorable to the development of milk-souring bacteria.
4. (c) is correct. Turn out the light, leave the window open and the bat will fly away.
5. (a) is wrong; (b) and (c) are correct. If you take shelter under tall or isolated trees during a storm, you become a poor life insurance risk. And lightning often strikes the same place repeatedly.
6. (a) (b) and (c) are all false. A cramp is no more disabling in the water than it is on land *if you don't lose your head and become panicky*. A drowning person may continue to rise to the surface three or 33 times, depending on how long it takes for his lungs to fill with water.
7. (c) is correct. A full-grown hare dopy enough to let you pick him up is assuredly a sick animal. Chances are he has "rabbit disease" (tularemia), unpleasant and highly contagious.
8. (c) is correct. Lifting a skunk by the tail is no protection.
9. (b) is correct. Nature designed the eggs that way so that if they should be blown by winds or disturbed, they will tend to roll in a circle and stay put.
10. (c) is correct.
11. (c) is correct. If he can see the sun, or ascertain its direction, he can place the watch flat on his palm with the hour hand pointing to the sun. Halfway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock on the dial is due south.
12. (b) is correct.
13. (c) is correct.
14. (c) is correct.
15. (c) is correct, although the legendary Whifflesniff is supposed to, too.
16. (a) is correct. Experts say the most insanely vicious carnivore in the world is the tiny, insect-eating shrew.
17. (a) is correct.
18. (b) is correct. Autumn migrating is generally done at a height up to 5,400 feet; for the spring flight the birds' ceiling rarely exceeds 2,400 feet.
19. (a) is correct. The deer's forelegs are connected to the body with muscles and ligaments, not by a bone joint.
20. (b) is correct. Hunting animals' eyes have developed frontally so that they may both be trained on their quarry at the same time.

Make It Yourself

"What a smart girl!" your family and friends will say if you learn to make your own clothes — that is if you put style and dash into them. Our bulletin, "Dressmaking at Home," will give you the answers to all beginners' problems in turning out a good-looking dress you'll be proud to wear.

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Service Bulletin No. 2102. Price 15 cents.

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35¢ for 3 rinses
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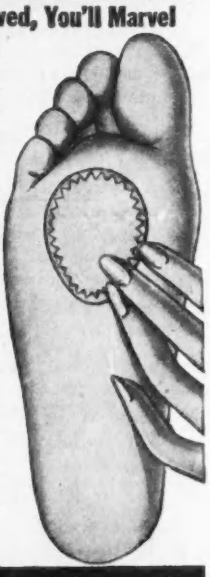
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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Chatelaine *Fashions*



The Long and Short Of It

Simpson's, Toronto, co-operated with Chatelaine in the selection and presentation of all clothes and accessories illustrated.





Big Problem

JUST *wailing* about being too tall won't get you anywhere. Besides, the adjective people use when they describe you will depend a lot on the way you take it yourself. It can be "terribly tall," "impossibly tall," or "wonderfully and most divinely tall."

You can see for yourself what the measuring stick has to say about Lois Stockdale, clever young Toronto advertising woman. Sure there are disadvantages, Lois admits—and tells you about some of them in a highly amusing manner on the next page. But by acknowledging your height, dressing smartly to suit your face and figure and keeping away from the too obviously heightening effects, you can cut an effective figure. Here Lois models her chosen street dress of bluebird-blue gabardine with diagonally placed watermelon buttons, and a dash of the same color at the belt and in the side pleat, which is repeated in the band and veil of her blue hat. The big bag is indicative of the exciting large accessories she can wear.

Pint-Sized

BEING IN the five-foot-something class doesn't mean you are (or should try to be) one of those cute little-bitsy things hung about with fussy doodads. Ruth Lavery, brilliant young fashion artist who has sketched some "big" and "little" problems for you on pages 40 and 45 believes she's the tailored type. She leaves little hair bows, ruffles and frills at home or for parties, if at all. Here she wears the suit she chose for business, a soft caramel wool with a coat exactly the right length, and well padded (but not exaggerated) as to shoulderline. She wears three tiny birds in flight on her neckline, keeping clear of anything large and too heavy. Her hat is small but height-giving—one of the newest fall items, in brown, with matching bag, gloves and shoes.

Ruth considers simplicity of dressing and good fit the most important features of smart costuming for the shorter girl. Of course you have to watch those hips and that waistline like a hawk!

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- ☐ *Volley*
- ☐ *Forehand Drive*
- ☐ *Chop*

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot, eye, and racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Built for *lasting* comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.



How should she sign her name?

- ☐ *Sally Subdeb*
- ☐ *Miss Sally Subdeb*

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—*except* in a hotel register. Why the exception? So your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoiding mix-ups makes sense. Sidestep them at "those" times, too—by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. One important difference is the *plus* protection you get from the special, patented *safety center* of Kotex. And it's one reason why you can count on Kotex to help safeguard your secret.



Could be she aims to—

- ☐ *Snare-o a caballero*
- ☐ *Be a brain box*
- ☐ *Win friends and interest people*

Learning a language the phonograph way is a worthwhile hobby—helps you win friends and interest people. Comes in mighty handy, too, when you plan your international holiday! And remember . . . you never have to let problem days interfere! Your secret's *safe* with Kotex! You see Kotex is the sanitary napkin with the patented flat, tapered ends that can't show . . . so unlike thick stubby ends. Just think what "invisible" Kotex will do for your poise on "difficult" days!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

* T. M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

"Want to walk? Why can't you understand me?"

Right then she lost control. "You *are* in love with her, aren't you?"

"I suppose I am," he said, walking beside her past the bright shop fronts and dark doorways, looking up at the starry sky, glancing in an absent way at the newsstands. "Who wouldn't be, with a face like that. Helen of Troy, I'd call her, except that she's dark . . . only I suppose Helen was dark too—aren't Greeks usually dark? Only Helen was a Trojan—now there's an antidote for romantic feelings. I suppose it's from always hearing her called 'fair Helen' and thinking of it as meaning fair-haired."

"You make me so *tired!*" she said suddenly and violently.

"Am I walking too fast?" he said with great politeness, but when she glanced at him he was grinning.

"What's that for?" she said.

"What?"

"The nasty smile."

"It was supposed to be reminiscent. I remember about five years ago, we were going for the first swim of the year in a practically ice-bound lake, and you shut your eyes and jumped in, while I stayed shivering on the dock, and then you looked up at me with your face grey and your teeth chattering like mad and said, 'Oh, you make me so tired!' in just that same tone of voice . . ."

A lovely memory . . ."It's the way I feel now," she said. "Why don't you *do* something about it, if you love her so much?"

"What would you suggest?" he said, amused.

"Well, talk to her, dance with her—be winning, or something. Make an effort. Pay her compliments and—well, make a few passes, if you have to have these elementary things explained to you . . ."

"Make passes at Carolyn?"

"Oh, heavens," she said, very angry, 'she's just a girl, isn't she? I know she looks like a dream or a goddess or something, but she's a girl, flesh and blood, she eats potatoes and drinks coffee . . . If you want her, why don't you try to get her?" she said, wondering why she was so urgent, when it would break her heart if he did do all those things and succeeded.

They were crossing the park now, walking along the brick-paved path beneath trees that were still green. 'You don't understand," he said, amiable and calm, pulling at leaves from low-hanging branches as they walked along.

"I don't understand," she said bitterly.

"No, you don't, bright as you are. It's a very imperfect world, you know, but she's just about perfectly beautiful, do

✦ *Continued on page 42*

"Fresh as a Flower"

If you were asked, What makes a woman beautiful? you might say it's a combination of things — lovely hair, pearly teeth and glowing complexion. If that's your reply, you'll be omitting the basic factor in feminine charm — fastidious personal daintiness. In our booklet, "How To Be Fresh as a Flower," Chatelaine gives you the secret of attaining an "air-conditioned" look even on the hottest summer day.

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POWDER is the logical . . . the ONLY type of deodorant really suitable for sanitary pads. It *absorbs* moisture . . . and it also helps prevent chafing!

Quest Was Specially Designed

. . . for this very purpose. QUEST *destroys* odours instantly, safely. Being unscented it doesn't merely cover one odour with another. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.

For Every Purpose

. . . wise women choose QUEST. It acts just as quickly, as efficiently in destroying underarm odour . . . and it can't stain or mark frocks!

Large Container 35c



QUEST
POWDER
The Kotex Deodorant

*T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .



Kurb

25c per pckg.

A KOTEX PRODUCT

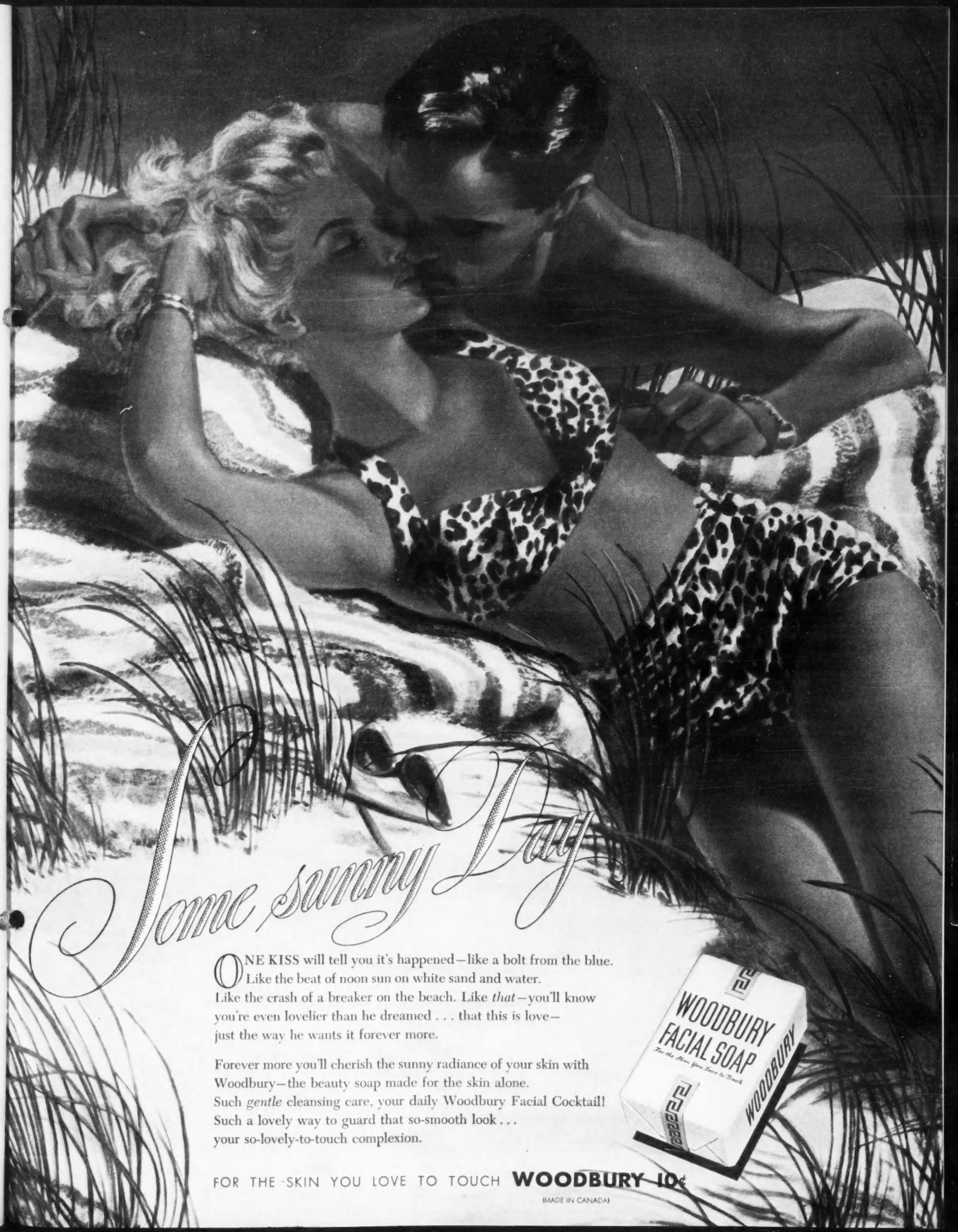
COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Makes Comfort Complete



Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c

KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT

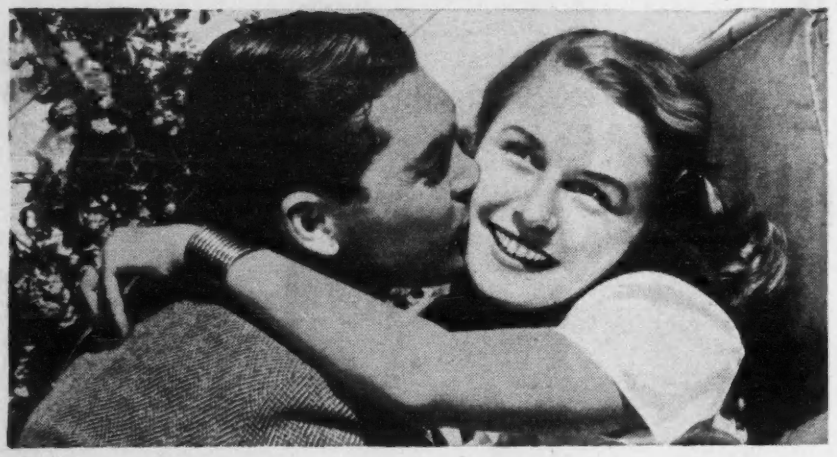

Some sunny Day
ONE KISS will tell you it's happened—like a bolt from the blue.
Like the beat of noon sun on white sand and water.
Like the crash of a breaker on the beach. Like *that*—you'll know
you're even lovelier than he dreamed . . . that this is love—
just the way he wants it forever more.
Forever more you'll cherish the sunny radiance of your skin with
Woodbury—the beauty soap made for the skin alone.
Such *gentle* cleansing care, your daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail!
Such a lovely way to guard that so-smooth look . . .
your so-lovely-to-touch complexion.
WOODBURY
FACIAL SOAP
For the Skin You Love to Touch
WOODBURY
FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH WOODBURY 10¢
(MADE IN CANADA)

Ellen lives in HEARTBREAK house



Tragic scenes like this, now, in their once-happy home. Tearfully, Ellen seeks the reason. Why has her husband become so silent, *strange?* Little does Ellen realize her own "one neglect"—carelessness about feminine hygiene—is to blame. How much heartache she would have spared herself if she had known about Lysol!

Ann lives in Honeymoon Cottage



How different the scenes between Ann and *her* husband, still as loving as newly-weds! Ann, like thousands of modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant *regularly* and *often* for feminine hygiene. Her doctor advised Lysol solution as an effective germ-killer that cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes. Yet so gentle for douching. Won't harm sensitive tissues . . . just follow easy directions. "Lysol works wonderfully!" says Ann. Inexpensive, too. Try it for feminine hygiene.

Check these facts with your doctor

Douche **thoroughly** with **correct** Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply and more effectively into folds and crevices to search out germs. NON-CAUSTIC—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. POWERFUL—Lysol is an efficient **germicide.** ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. **Deodorizes effectively.** LASTING—keeps full strength, even uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE



DON'T TREAT CUTS WITH KISSES

Use Lysol—the Ideal Antiseptic for Cuts, Burns and All Minor Injuries

Deadly infection often starts from the smallest cut or bruise. So be on guard . . . use Lysol early, in proper dilution as directed. Lysol is recommended and used by doctors and hospitals everywhere. Lysol is concentrated; used in dilution it is amazingly effective. Keep Lysol in your home always.

For FREE Booklet in plain envelope about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd., Dept. M.H., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Ontario.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

All Right--- So I'm Tall

by Lois Stockdale



Dress and accessories courtesy Simpson's, Toronto

Lois chooses a svelte black crepe for a date and dinner dress — cleverly draped and side-swathed. Her bag, pin and earrings are big and smartly eye-catching.

ALL RIGHT! So I'm tall! In fact, I'm what might be—and has been—called a "big woman." All this I grant, and nothing more, because what I am very anxious to know is this: Does that make me public property? Does it give every Tom, Dick and Harriet a right to crack wise at my expense?

Supposing, for instance, friends are over for an evening of bridge. As a rule, I knock the bridge table over when I sit down, because never was a bridge table jacked up enough for my elongated underpinnings! So it's funny . . . and it *is*, I know! But does little Dresden China on my left have to pipe up with:

"We'll just have to put you on a kneeling pad to bring you down to our size! Ha Ha! You're *so tall!*"

As if I didn't know! And then she hits me below the belt with, "You make poor little me feel like a perfect doll!" And that makes poor little me feel like a heavy-duty truck (as if *she* didn't know!).

Sooner or later the $64 question is bound to pop up. "How tall are you anyway?"

Having been brought up to tell the truth, I say sweetly, "I'm five feet ten and a half."

Then comes the inevitable blow from the blunt instrument: "Oh, for heaven's sake. We all thought you were *much* taller than that! Stand up and let us see!"

There's always the happy dreamer



"Those cute little fellas who love to fly blind against my shoulder, propelling me over the dance floor."

with this line, "Of course, tall girls are lucky when it comes to clothes. They can wear *anything*." But let that pass. The haunting problem for me is "Where can I *buy* anything?"

The WPTB rules that skirts must be a certain length, and blouses have their tails cut off, and sizes restricted, and so on. BUT has the WPTB done anything to curtail the size of ME?

So there's my clothes problem in a sentence. Do I buy a size 20 dress, let down the hem, take in the waist, and hitch up the shoulder? Or do I buy a size 18 dress, and sew a frill round the bottom or just *let* my slip show? Or do I just get me a length of tweed and wrap me in it?

Consider the footwear question alone. The gal with a 10½ foot shyly enters the shoe shop, making a swift mental note of the nearest exit for emergency use.

"What," she murmurs when the salesman approaches, "are the largest sizes you carry in women's shoes?"

"Oh," comes the brisk reply, "we carry *all* sizes. What size were you looking for?"

I tell him. He gulps. "Sorry, I'm afraid we don't go *that* high." He backs away; she departs with as much dignity as possible, knowing that he and his colleagues have their eyes fastened with considerable interest on what she laughingly calls her feet.

WELL, ANYWAY, if you're tall, you're tall, and that's that! Mind you, height

✦ *Continued on page 47*



"I knock the bridge table over. Never was a bridge table jacked up enough for my long underpinnings."

So she would meet him and listen to his ifs and might-have-beens, and be a good listener, a good friend, and help him pick up the pieces. He had only himself to blame, but that didn't matter, she still couldn't feel anything but sorry for him. She couldn't feel glad that Carolyn was out of the way—she could only feel sorry for Andrew. That's what love is, she thought soberly—it was wanting someone to be in the world, that was all, and being satisfied with very little; it was wanting things to go right for someone, without caring whether they went right for you.

When she opened the door to him at six, she didn't quite look at him; she didn't want to surprise grief in his face and not know what to say. "I'm all ready," she said, turning off the light behind her. "Shall we go?"

"All right," he said in that subdued way, and she thought, he feels very bad, and didn't dare look at him at all.

The night was cloudy and warm; the air was heavy and full of city smells; everyone's windows were open, she could hear radios and scraps of conversation as they walked along. After a while she said, "It was bound to happen, you know. Don't feel so sad."

He glanced at her. "The trouble is, I didn't expect it so soon. I'm not exactly ready . . ."

"But you did expect it?" Make him talk, she thought, and he'll feel better.

"Oh, of course. It was bound to come."

"Yes . . . I feel—" she said, "I—I sympathize with you very much."

"Do you?" he said, and then he laughed aloud and said, "Do you sympathize enough to marry me, then? Not that I really deserve sympathy."

She stopped still where she was in front of a dark grocery store; she felt rocked back on her heels. "Marry you?" she said.

"Why not?" he said. "I'm not such an idiot as to let the dream get in the way of reality. And it isn't sudden—I've been thinking about it all day—ever since—"

"Ever since you heard," she said and she was suddenly so violently angry that she trembled all over. Her anger seemed to make a very loud noise in the quiet street. "And I was feeling so sorry for you. I'm a sort of consolation prize, is that it? Just grab the girl that's nearest if the dream lets you down, and don't worry about how she feels. If you can't have Carolyn, just take Liz, she'll do, she's flesh and blood and handy—I'm going home," she said, and turned and walked fast and hated him. That was the way it was—you started worshipping someone when you were nine, and when you were 22 you banged up against the rocks of what he really was, selfish and shallow and careless and worthless. She heard him coming along behind her and said, "Don't come, don't come . . ."

"I'm seeing you home," he said, "though somewhat baffled and bruised," and then he said, "What's all this about Carolyn?"

"Don't pretend," she said furiously.

"I'm not pretending. What's all this about Carolyn?"

"You said you knew!"

"Knew what?"

She slowed down a little, still trembling. "What did you know then, over the phone? I said, 'So you know,' and you said, 'Yes . . .' Knew what?"

"That I loved you, of course," he said matter-of-factly.

SHE STOPPED. "You don't know that Carolyn got married this morning?"

"No!" he said, immensely intrigued. "Did she? To Niles?"

"You really didn't know?"

"How could I know? Well, isn't that something?"

"And you're not sorry?" she said unbelievingly.

"But I told you I didn't want to marry her. It would be like taking her to our wonderful Danny's and watching her gluttonize the hamburgers, making a pig of herself—she's awfully food-conscious. I just liked to look at her. But ever since last night I was thinking over what you said—about someone else coming along and making a grab and getting what you want. It kind of woke me up. So I thought I'd better not let you run around loose any more, even though I wasn't sure about my job. Because I suddenly realized that it would hurt if I lost you . . ."

"But you said you loved her . . ."

"Oh, but darling, there are all kinds of love. I love hamburgers and limousines and the moon and Matisse and rainy nights and Greer Garson and Carolyn's face—but I wouldn't want to marry them. That's different. That's real. I want to marry you. And badly."

"I'm not very bright, I guess," she said after a moment. "I should have known you weren't—that you wouldn't—Well, I love you too . . ."

"Then you're the way I want you," he said firmly, and kissed her, and two minutes later it started to rain and they had to run all the way to Danny's, which was fun, but anything would have been fun at that moment. Even standing still in the rain.

* * *

"Stay perky through your period!"



BE YOURSELF—bright and active. It's easy with Midol. And it's so sensible. Just take Midol at the first sign of menstrual pain. It contains no opiates yet gives quick relief of functional discomfort—easing cramps, soothing menstrual headache, brightening you when you're "blue." Get Midol now at any drugstore. Be ready for *comfort*.

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

NOW! MAKE SPARKLING Sodas at Home



With Canada Dry's SPARKLING WATER—there's practically no end to the variety of delicious, cool summer drinks you can make at home right now!

Real ice cream sodas . . . sparkling fruit-ades with fresh fruit . . . fruit sparklers with canned fruit . . . coolers with soft drink extracts—all are refreshing and tasty-as-can-be made with SPARKLING WATER. Its famous "PIN POINT CARBONATION" gives these drinks real soda-fountain tang . . . millions of tiny, dancing bubbles to keep them sparkling keenly to the last sip.

Always keep a supply in your refrigerator.

FRUIT SPARKLERS

Pour grape juice over ice cubes in a tall glass. Fill with Canada Dry's SPARKLING WATER. You may enjoy adding a little sugar, or a twist of fresh lime. Serve other prepared fruit juices—loganberry, pine-apple, apple—the same way—or use juice from canned fruits!—or fruit extracts!

SPARKLING FRUIT-AIDES
(Lemon, Lime, Orange or Grapefruit)

Lemonade—Juice ½ lemon, 2 tsp. sugar. *Grapefruit-ade*—Juice ½ grapefruit, 2 tsp. sugar. *Limeade*—Juice 1 lime, 2 tsp. sugar. *Orangeade*—Juice 1 orange, 1 tsp. sugar. Add ice cubes, fill with Canada Dry's SPARKLING WATER, stir gently.

ICE CREAM SODAS

Use a big tall glass. Put in 3 tablespoonfuls chocolate syrup (or jam, preserves or fruit extracts) and 3 tablespoonfuls milk. Stir well. Put in ice cream. Then fill the glass with Canada Dry's SPARKLING WATER and stir gently. Add a straw and a spoon—and enjoy it!

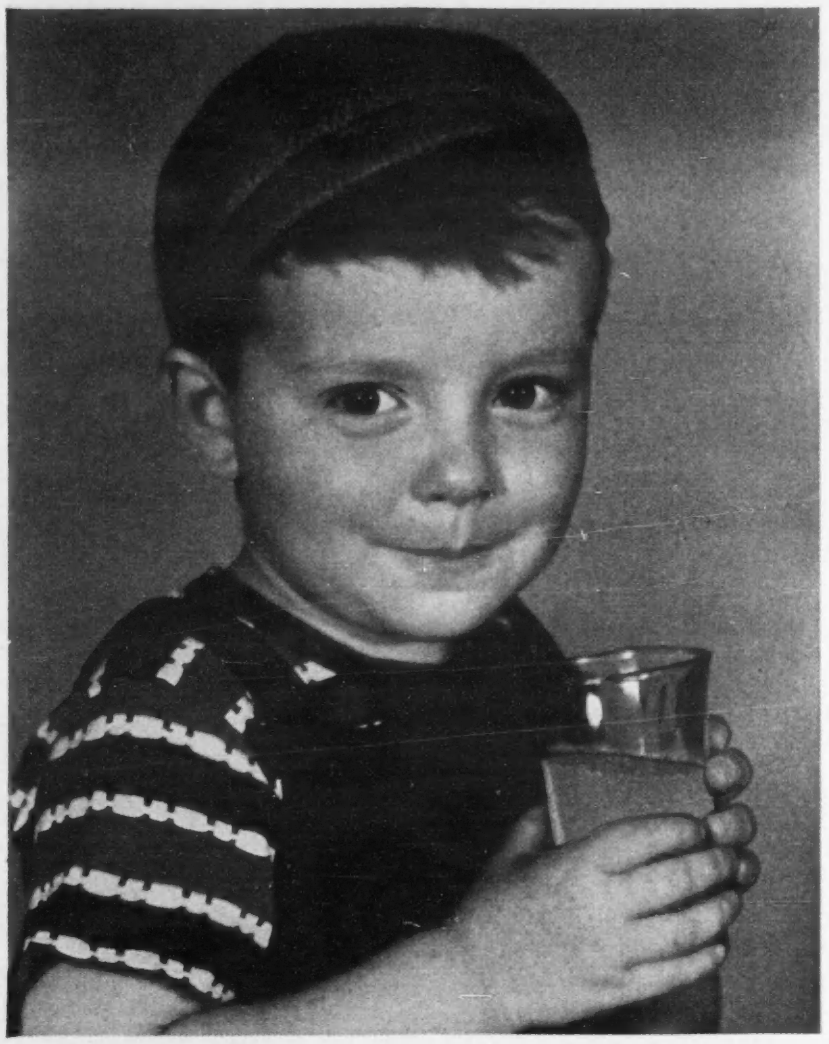


FREE RECIPE LEAFLET!

Easy recipes for delicious summer treats with real soda-fountain tang! Ask your dealer for a copy.

CANADA DRY Sparkling Water

Buy all you want . . . the supply is unlimited!



Oh Boy—It's Good!

CHOCOLATE MILK made with FRY'S

Icy-cool glasses of home-made chocolate milk—made with FRY'S. My!—what delicious and full-flavoured goodness! Here's a drink you know the whole family will enjoy.

And FRY'S Chocolate Milk is such a practical, popular beverage for active youngsters—simply ideal for light lunches, to take on picnics, or to serve at anytime.



IT'S SO EASY TO PREPARE

Make This Many Purpose Chocolate Syrup — Mix well together DRY ½ cup of FRY'S COCOA and ¾ cup of sugar. Slowly add ¾ cup of boiling water, stirring meanwhile. Boil for one minute. Then pour into a clean, dry glass jar. Cover and let cool.

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

NOW *For a Delicious Glass of Chocolate Milk!* — Just add a dessertspoon of syrup to a glass of milk. Stir and serve. Above recipe makes 24 servings.

FRY'S COCOA IS BETTER COCOA

Lots of Love

Continued from page 38

you realize that? Even that smile of hers—the way it goes up on one side . . . Perfectly fascinating," he said, looking charmed by the mere memory of it. They were at the edge of the park; they waited briefly for a pause in the traffic and then crossed to the other side of the street. "It's what poetry is written about—'She walks in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies'—that sort of stuff, Liz," he said, kind and explanatory like a big brother. "Like this—have you ever heard this?" And he recited soberly:

"I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

"No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee . . ."

and then he glanced at her again and grinned, not abashed at all. "That's the way she makes me feel. And you say, 'Make a pass at her!'"

But the words were echoing in the quiet night air, making a different world for a moment out of the world around her. She could understand that kind of passionless perfection of love, built out of flowers and summer and imagined beauty, and for a moment it was more real than her own kind—it was the way she felt about him when she was simply glad that he was in the world, no matter whom he loved. But then she slipped back into the present again, and was perfectly sure that that wasn't enough, and felt completely without hope. That kind of love—you could compete with the ordinary kind, the flesh and blood and bone kind, you could put on your best clothes and your most expensive perfume and be a good listener and all the rest and stand some chance, but how could you compete with something ethereal and ideal that shut a man's eyes to reality? "Yes," she said, "and in the meantime someone else comes along and asks a kiss and gets it, and there you are. How would you feel then? It's bound to happen—it always does."

He looked at her again, this time soberly. "There's that to consider. How would I feel?"

"And lots of men don't share your watch-and-wait policy."

"I suppose they don't," he said, stopping in front of the door of her apartment house and bending to kiss her politely on the forehead. "Good night, dear Lizzy, have you got your key?"

"Yes."

"The trouble with you is, you're too close to earth. It's people who stay close to earth who stub their toes and get hurt. While us dreamers," he said, smiling again, "we get along just fine . . ."

"Don't be too sure," she said, her throat tight, and escaped into the dim hall.

Carolyn wasn't home yet; she came in after Liz was in bed, tactfully quiet because Liz had to work the next day and she didn't. Some headache, Liz thought. In the morning it was her turn to be tactfully quiet, because Carolyn slept late, which was normal for a Saturday morning. When she came home at noon the apartment was in a mess and Carolyn was out, and that was normal too. She made both beds and then threw Carolyn's stuff on Carolyn's bed—lace-edged slips, stockings, garter belts, scarves, sweaters—and found the note at last where it had blown from the dressing table to the floor.

It said, "Niles and I have gone off to get married, darling. I guess you'll have to find a new roomie, and I hope next time you get a neater one than me. Really sorry about the mess. Wish us luck. Love, Carolyn."

LIZ'S KNEES buckled up and she sat down on the floor and stared at Carolyn's thick blue handwriting. Niles . . . How could she marry Niles? But of course Niles had gone after her—he hadn't simply sat and gazed and recited poetry to himself and been satisfied to kiss the air. How was Andrew going to feel now? Oh, Andrew, she thought, and his grief and anger seemed to be hurting her own heart, which was foolish when she ought to be glad, but she couldn't be glad, not when it was Andrew who was hurt.

The telephone was ringing like an echo of itself; it had been ringing for quite a while. She picked it up and said, "Hello?"

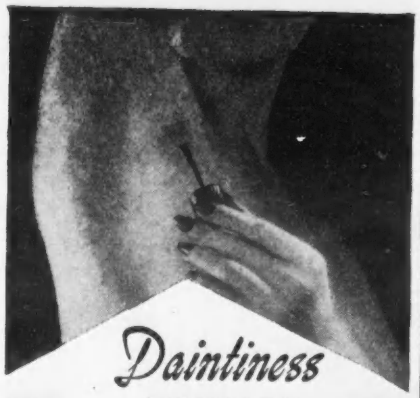
Andrew said, "Hello, Liz," and his voice was different—sober, subdued, and a little self-consciously quiet. "I called to ask you—how about dinner tonight at Danny's? I want to see you."

"So you know," she said on the tail-end of a breath, and there was a pause.

Then he said, "Yes . . ." and added rapidly, "Don't get me started on that now—I'm calling from the office. Can I pick you up at six?"

"All right," she said, and hung up.





Daintiness
DEMANDS THE
DOUBLE PROTECTION of
ODO-RO-NO *Liquid*

Odo-Ro-No Liquid gives you protection that lasts *twice* as long—3 to 5 days. Bathing does not lessen its effectiveness.

By stopping perspiration *and* deodorizing, Odo-Ro-No Liquid protects *you* and your *dresses* against embarrassing stains and odours.

Buy a bottle at any drug counter and enjoy the double protection of Odo-Ro-No Liquid.

DIRECTIONS FOR *DOUBLE* PROTECTION:



1. Wash underarms and dry well. If necessary, shave after application, not before.

2. Apply Odo-Ro-No freely with patented non-drip applicator. Let dry thoroughly.



3. Rinse the underarms well with clear water or wipe off with a damp cloth.

4. If these directions are followed, you and your garments will be doubly protected.

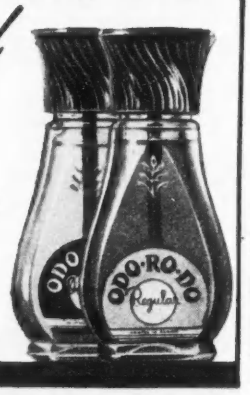


DEVELOPED BY A MEDICAL MAN FOR THE PROFESSION

This preparation was developed by a medical man to stop perspiration on his hands while performing surgical operations.

The **FASTIDIOUS** *prefer*
ODO-RO-NO *Liquid*

2 TYPES
Regular
3 to 5 days' protection
Instant
Faster drying than "Regular"—1 to 3 days' protection.
3 SIZES
39¢
15¢ 65¢



The Smart Little Girl

by Ruth Lavery
as told to Carolyn Damon.



Dress and accessories supplied through the co-operation of Simpson's, Toronto.

Party choice: She chooses a lovely limelight crepe date dress with waist-diminishing tucked bodice and ruffled peplum effect.

SONG WRITERS may wax romantic about the five-foot-twoers among us girls, but believe me, any female who wavers between the five and the five-foot-two marks on the measuring chart belongs to the underprivileged classes, from a lot of points of view. And I mean *under* literally. You spend most of your life under the obliterating shadow of those tall boys and girls Lois Stockdale talks about (on another page) and you actually get a shiny nose from having it wedged into other people's backs in buses, streetcars, parades, and any other crowded place.

Mind you, there are usually longer-legged friends about who insist on seeing (even by physical force if necessary) that you get your Rights. Which may mean being lifted child-fashion onto fences and automobile tops, or being half dragged, half carried, to the front lines of anything, with the general populace rumbling protests.

It's true, there may be considerable tedium in getting the "Isn't she tall?" reaction all the time. But I wonder if it's any harder on the blood pressure than the everlasting, "Isn't she cute?" Especially if you happen to be a somewhat serious-minded female with your working-hour thoughts strictly on your job.

It's true that you practically never run into a man shorter than you are. But the tall girl will never know that painful signature on your forehead of a

✦ *Continued on page 47*



What do YOU know about Kayserettes?

Q. *What are Kayserettes?*

A. A knitted, form-fitting type of underwear.

Q. *Who makes them?*

A. KAYSER. (First to introduce this type of underwear in Canada.)

Q. *What are Kayserettes made of?*

A. Cotton, cotton and rayon, or cotton with wool.

Q. *When are Kayserettes worn?*

A. Usually for year-round sports and in cold weather.

Q. *What styles are made in Kayserettes* today?

A. Vest, brief, regular knickers and over-the-knee knickers.

KAYSER

Be Wiser
Buy Kayser Fabric Gloves, Hosiery and Underwear

BUT BUY VICTORY BONDS FIRST

Fibber McGee and Molly give you a

FLOOR PLAN FOR A SPOTLESS KITCHEN!

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly, every Tuesday night over CBC.



So simple! Just pour Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat on your clean floor . . . spread it around . . . and your work is done! It dries to a gleaming brightness in just twenty minutes. No rubbing . . . no buffing . . . why, it's hardly any work at all!



You'll be pleased as a pussy cat with your gleaming floor! Such a wise idea to keep your floor spotless with Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat! Spilled things wipe up in a jiffy! And tests show regular Glo-Coat care adds long life to your linoleum . . . preserves the lovely original pattern.

For linoleum, asphalt, rubber, finished wood floors

JOHNSON'S Self-Polishing GLO-COAT

by the makers of Johnson's Wax





S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LIMITED
Brantford, Canada

Paper still packs a war punch — preserve every piece!

Fashion Shorts

FROM NEW YORK

As far as I am concerned, we are now in the middle of winter! In the fashion markets we work six months ahead—so on a sweltering August day I am concerned about what *you* gals will be wearing next January!

* * *

Saw some snazzy ski outfits the other day, and the new thing about them was the smock top! When you are really skiing, and do not want the cold wind getting under the smock, you add a snug belt, which has two pockets attached to it. One smart color combination was pale blue with gold—another green with red smock. Down here we call 'em the "Maquis."

* * *

More fur trimming on cloth coats—such as whole sleeves of fur, or a fur bodice, or deep bands of fur interlaced with cloth to make the swirly skirt.

* * *

A new idea in a college girl's sports suit is the convertible collar which can be detached, showing a cardigan neckline. Then you use the collar as a Dutch headband!

* * *

The dressy winter suit will be seen with velvet or velveteen touches. Such as a velvet collar, velvet-edged pockets, velvet buttons. Perhaps you have a winter suit that can be renovated with just such touches.

* * *

Separate sleeves continue to improve! Some months ago I mentioned that sweaters were being made with separate long sleeves, which you could add to the short-sleeved sweater. You'll see more of these "extra sleeves," and not only for sweaters! Some dinner dresses are being made with the additional long sleeves, which can be doffed when you crave that "bare" look! For evening sweaters, which will be flourishing again, the "spare" sleeves take the form of long mitten types as a novel change.

* * *

Pockets are news! Some of these sprout out of the shoulder seams—others make use of deep cuffs, buttoned up so you can tuck your change purse, or hanky, etc., into them. And more and more dresses are taking on deep belts with pockets on either side.

* * *

Contrasting color is more important than ever. Some dresses have four colors—two shades making up the skirt, two shades appearing on the blouse. Contrasting revers—pockets—sleeves. It just seems as if *one* color is old-fashioned!

* * *

Except black! Down here in New York we have had a dearth of black dresses in popular-priced lines. Where possible, for fall and next spring, manufacturers are planning as many black dresses as they can manage. This summer brought heavy demands for black cotton and rayon dresses—shantungs, sheers, gabardines, etc. The demand exceeded the supply—and the designers are promising more black for next spring and summer.

* * *

"Make mine a 26!" The early fall will see the short fur jacket right up in front. A length of 26 inches is the wanted type. While the short fur jacket isn't much good up home when those winter breezes start blowing—here in New York there is an increasing demand for the shorter fur coat.

* * *

Fur Capelets, with matching hat and muff—there's a smart trend. The cape is often in the shape of a yoke and is detachable. Some of the muffs have buttons or slide fasteners, so you can open 'em up and sling 'em around your neck as a scarf! (They think up the darnedest things, don't they?)

* * *

The panty dress for a full-grown woman! Yes—they've put us back in rompers! These first appeared in chambray —with the cute little elastic-banded panties to match. Did away with the need of a slip—and more manufacturers plan to do something along these lines for next summer. How about your beating them to it!

* * *

Many of New York's night spots are going formal again; thus the interest in evening dresses is more emphatic than in the past three years. Just *everything* is being shown—Victorian styles complete with bustle, slinky wisps of satin, "little girl" taffetas—and are they all BARE!

* * *

One thing U. S. rationing has taught us—and that is how to buy shoes! When you have to hand out precious stamps, you take good care that the heel hugs your foot firmly, without gapping . . . that the ball of the shoe cups the ball of your foot . . . that the shank of the shoe fits snugly under the arch . . . and that the toes fit without wrinkle or pressure. Many New York shoe stores have X-ray equipment to check on these items, and I imagine more will follow suit.

* * *

Handkerchiefs are now being imported in small quantities from Switzerland and Madeira. Such exquisite care has been taken in their making that I marvel when I see a small hanky so preciously handled—with raised petals, huge embroidered intials, embroidered strawberries or cherries that look real enough to eat, or decorated with tiny little angels floating on a pale blue ground. For children the brightest plaid mouchoirs you've ever seen! ✤

BY KAY MURPHY

Streamlined
PLEATS
mean unbroken
lines from
WAIST
to HEM



THE all-round "permanised" pleats of the "Gor-ray" KONERAY taper off into single material over the hips. No bundling or bulging ever mars their trim symmetry. Converging lines from hem to waist give a delightful slenderising, graceful effect. No wonder the KONERAY is the world's most popular skirt! Until the war ends only a few KONERAYS are available in specially selected outfitters. All are in fine quality British materials.

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LOOK FOR THE "GOR-RAY" LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND
PLEATED SKIRTS

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Oriental Cream
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The Cream to protect the skin before the long, hard game. No worry about sunburn or shiny skin.



White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

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War Savings Certificates
REGULARLY

So I'm Tall

Continued from page 40

itself isn't such a drawback. For one thing, you can't be ignored. And another thing, when you *do* get clothes to fit, you can really look sumpin' because there's enough of you to make the line of a dress effective—especially when it comes to evening clothes.

Many's the rule and regulation laid down for tall-girl fashions. Tall girls aren't supposed to wear high heels, or small high hats, or plain dresses with slim lines. They mustn't, according to experts, appear in small prints. They should wear wide flat hats, wide belts, circular skirts, flat hairdos. My advice, on the contrary, is: dress any way you like, so long as it suits you personally. Dress as though you were standing in front of a mirror, alone . . . not as though you were in a crowd, comparing yourself with other people.

Take the matter of wide flat hats. If you have a long narrow face, fine! But even if you are tall, and have a roundish face (as I have) a wide flat hat is going to make that face wider. If you have nice legs—and most tall girls have—don't spoil your ankles with flat heels. The extra inch a higher heel gives you isn't going to matter one way or another, but it certainly is going to accent a nice leg line. Then again, maybe you haven't got a slim waist, so a big belt will only make it bigger! On the other hand, you *can* wear big accessories—and those chunky earrings, mammoth handbags, wide bracelets, etc., are veddy, veddy smart just now. If you want to wear a slim black dress, and if it suits your figure, then that's for you.

I like a bloused bodice—it's more graceful than one straight run from shoulder to hemline. I think tall girls look extremely smart in tailored clothes; they don't need fuss and frills to attract attention. The point that seems most important to me is: dress to suit your face and your figure—*not* to make yourself look shorter! Don't you think a man would rather have someone say about his date (or his wife), "Gosh, that's a tall girl Bill's got . . . and isn't she smart!" than "Bill's sure picked himself a big one, but why do you s'pose she wears those funny clothes?" The time may even come—if we use our fashion sense effectively—when those lovely, big, tall men with the black hair and neat mustaches will pick the tall girl instead of the diminutive flowerette. And what a change that will be from little round fellas with the two-foot clearance, who love to fly blind against my shoulder over the dance floor!✚

The Smart Little Girl

Continued from page 45

man's coat button, and the secluded feeling of dancing, hour after hour, with a navy blue expanse of fine men's coating as your only horizon. You have to watch your step, too, or your physical stature will set the key to your emotional outlook. I mean, you can feel awfully small and unimportant in a group of taller people—if you let yourself. First thing you know, even your voice has faded down into your boots.

AND WHEN it comes to clothes. If you let yourself go and take the easy way out, with all those cute little ruffles and frills and doodads they make for your size, you can give up any idea of

✚ *Continued on page 53*

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FRESH keeps you sweet and dainty every minute of the time, because it contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

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FRESH keeps dresses free of perspiration stains and odor, won't rot even delicate fabrics.



TRY **FRESH**! If you don't agree that **FRESH** is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly give you your money back.

FRESH is available in Canada in three sizes:

59¢ **39¢** **19¢**





Those Deepening Sleeves

Shoulder Short (**No. 1392**) but wide and interesting are the new arm-band openings in this Chinese-inspired frock. High neck, waistline gathers and smart front buttons create striking effect.

Detachable Cuffs (**No. 1387**) add fresh detail to the cardigan type dress with its contrasting dickey. Notice the new tailored but wider-armholed sleeves.

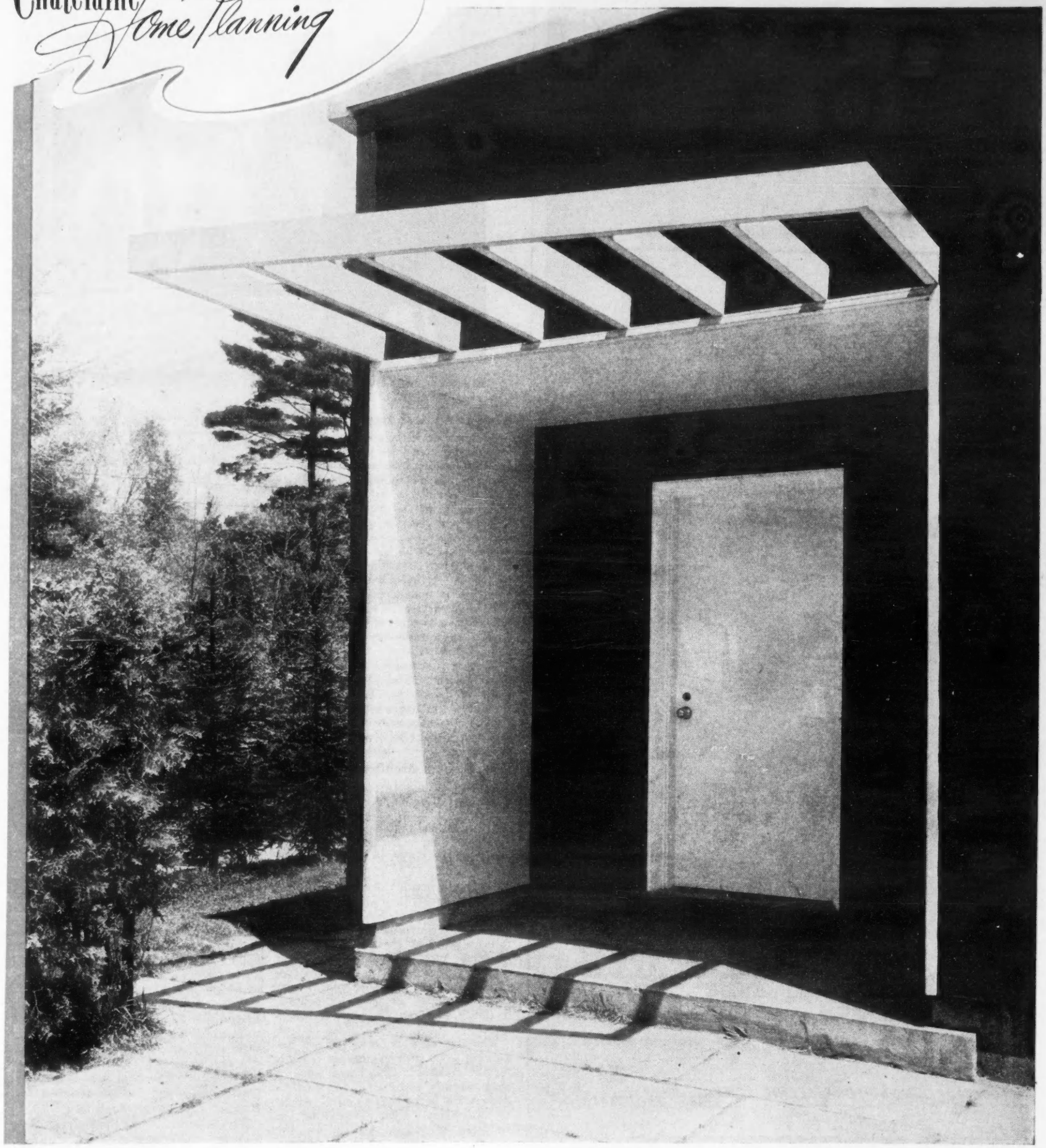
The Little Dress (**No. 1386**) of the new season adapts the lowered sleeve line too. Ruffled cuffs repeat the feminine mood of the short front peplum.

The Dolman Influence (**No. 1388**), foreshadowing a softer shoulder line for fall, is very evident in this tailored dress with its set-in sleeves. A simulated fly-front and high rounded neckline add chic.

Pattern Descriptions on page 48.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Chatelaine *Home Planning*



Mr. Thomas G. Fogden's house, Port Credit, Ont. John Layng, architect

Drama at the Doorstep

THIS INTERESTING main entrance owes nothing to traditional styling, but is truly "of our time." Walls are finished with brown siding; the dark area around the door recess is painted green, while all other woodwork, including the unusual canopy, is white. Modern treatment and planning dominate the whole house.

"My mind has dozens of tracks," said Helen

"Let's get out of this crowd. Let's get home, honey. Let's get by ourselves," babbled Helen, between tears and smiles.

"Three years, three months and three days," said Alan, happily. "Three threes ought to be lucky, darling!"

"We *are* lucky, Alan . . . just that you're home and whole. All these three years I've had a single-track mind, thinking and hoping and longing for this day . . . this minute! But now we can start life all over again, and when it comes to the future my mind has dozens of tracks."

"Dozens?"

"First a good job for you, and then a home, and then a baby, and then . . . oh, lots of things, but no extravagance. I've got used to saving while you were away. I kept up your life insurance, and I've got a nice little sum put away. That's what I want above all, honey . . . the feeling of a safe margin of bonds or insurance, so that we never cross the debt line . . . so that we can always feel our future's secure."



Life Insurance
Guardian of Canadian Homes

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada

3 Years Behind Barbed Wire

Continued from page 11

strength to miss them, the children lay around and talked, "recalling their home, their daddy, their toys, the picnics they used to have on the beach, their dog that they'd been so fond of." The oldest boy, John, who had wanted to be a doctor like his father, changed his mind. "I don't want to be a doctor, I want to be a chef; then you're always sure of your meals." Elsa Brown is not certain how much effect those three years have had on her children. She thinks Pete, who was only five when they went in, was probably too young to understand very much of it, but "when I hear the other two talking about it, I can tell that in their minds it's something bad." It amused her that after only two weeks at home she had to remind John of a vow he once made, "I shall never refuse any food that is put before me."

Elsa Brown does not go into any gruesome details of the Japanese treatment of them but admits it was "pretty dreadful," though they were not knocked around. "We had to bow, twice a day at roll call" (there is still a distaste in her voice as she tells about it),"and bow every time we encountered a Japanese officer. The monitors were called in and instructed in bowing and were sent back to teach the rest of us. They gave us a few days in which to practice." The worst time for them all was when the military took over. Before that the wealthy residents of Manila had sent them special food and presents for Christmas and they even had a tree, but "the last Christmas we had nothing but a few tins of corned beef to add to the regular food and the Japs allowed us to buy one honey-cocoa bar at five pesos a piece for each child. That was all they got that year." At first those who were seriously ill were allowed to be taken out for treatment in the Manila hospital—Elsa Brown herself had an operation and says, "I cried when I saw my tray set with a cloth and nice dishes and silver." Later all illness had to be treated in the camp hospital, manned by a few interned doctors and the nurses captured at Corregidor. By that time all patients were so weak that even a minor operation could not be performed without transfusions or plasma, and when a doctor refused to change "malnutrition" as the cause of death on a certificate he was removed from the camp to a Japanese prison cell. In the early period relatives were allowed to go out to bury their dead with a decent funeral but in the last months when they were dying at the rate of 10 a day, bodies were wrapped in canvas and carried away in push carts. Elsa Brown herself came pretty close to being one of those when she developed beriberi, a deficiency disease accompanied by a painful and dangerous swelling of the legs.

During the internment the one big comfort was an occasional Red Cross parcel—one from Canada, one from the United States and half a one each from South Africa. "They made us feel that at least someone was thinking about us," says Elsa Brown. "And the things in them were wonderful—socks and underwear for the children, soap, mending things, cosmetics, cigarettes and, of course, food. I got a sheet in one." It was not until December, 1944, that she and her children received any indication that anyone was thinking about them personally, and it was only a few words on an official army card from her husband.

The worst time was when the typhoon struck the island, flooding the camp, cutting off the gas and electricity. "The men were wonderful," Elsa Brown remembers with gratitude, "they cut down trees and built fires and had the food ready for 700 children on time." Next to that were the annual rainy seasons from May to September when the dreariness and fear of epidmics were at their worst. "We always hoped that help would come before the next rainy season."

In spite of the hardship and close quarters the internees lived with what Elsa Brown describes as "a minimum of friction." After a time, she says, you get used to living in a room with 35 people. "You got so that you didn't care about the others but made your own little life in your own little space." They made an effort too. In the afternoons the women changed to bright housecoats or whatever best they had, put on a little make-up and tried to be cheerful. They had a collection of women's magazines, old copies from 1940 and the leaner the rations got the more the women became obsessed with recipes. "Someone would get up in the morning saying, 'I found a gorgeous recipe for chicken pie—would you like to copy it?' We spent whole days copying recipes until most of us had great piles of them. After the Americans came and we were no longer hungry, a priest who used to come and talk to me sometimes said, 'You remember that copying of recipes? That was a mild form of insanity.' "

The first indication that the Americans might be coming was in the bombings of December, 1944. "We cheered them, they couldn't come too often for us." When the bombings ceased for days at a time they became depressed, but one day, on Feb. 3, 1945, liberation finally came. "I have never seen anything so wonderful as those big strong Americans." Elsa Brown's eyes still shine when she talks of them. "We'd seen nothing but those little yellow Japs for so long, and we ourselves were nothing but skin and bone. We cheered and ran toward them." Three days after the Americans came the trucks of food began to roll in, canned goods at first, then fresh bread and butter, then potatoes. "How we loved potatoes boiled in their jackets—we ate everything, jackets and all." With lunch was a packet of cigarettes for each adult, a chocolate bar for each child. For a whole week they ate till they were satisfied, then they went back for second helpings in spite of the warnings that their stomachs had shrunk and they should go easy. "We couldn't get over the fear that the next mealtime we mightn't get anything." The second

✦ *Continued on page 51*

Pattern Descriptions

1392—Junior misses' and misses' one-piece dress in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3⅛ of 35 inch material; 3 of 39 inch material with or without nap; 2¾ of 41 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1387—Misses' and women's one-piece dress with dickey and cuffs in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3¾ of 39 inch; 3⅛ of 41 inch; 2¼ of 54 inch. Dickey and cuffs: 1 of 35 inch, 39 inch or 41 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1386—Misses' one piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16: 3⅜ of 39 inch; 3⅛ of 41 inch; 2¼ of 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1388—Misses' and women's one-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 2⅝ of 39 inch; 2½ of 41 inch; 1⅞ of 54 inch. Contrasting sleeves: ⅞ of 39 inch or 41 inch material with or without nap; ¾ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.



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tects is a component society of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada. If you have the name, but not the address, of the architect you wish to design your house, the Secretary, Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, 74 King Street East, Toronto, can supply this information.

How Much Is an Architect Paid?

Each provincial association of architects has its own schedule of charges, with different rates for different types of buildings. In Ontario, for a new house built under general contract, the minimum charge for complete architectural services is 8% of the total cost of all work exclusive of movable furnishings. If construction is undertaken with separate trades contracts, the architect (who in this case assumes the responsibilities of general contractor) is entitled to a one-fifth increase in his 8% fee.

Payments to the architect become due as his services are rendered. On completion of all work prior to preparation of working drawings and specifications he receives one fifth of his total fee. On completion of working drawings and specifications he receives an additional two fifths. As construction progresses further installments are paid until at last, when your house is finished, the architect has received the entire amount due him.

Your architect's fee is recognized as part of your down payment in financing construction. ✤

3 Years Behind Barbed Wire

Continued from page 48

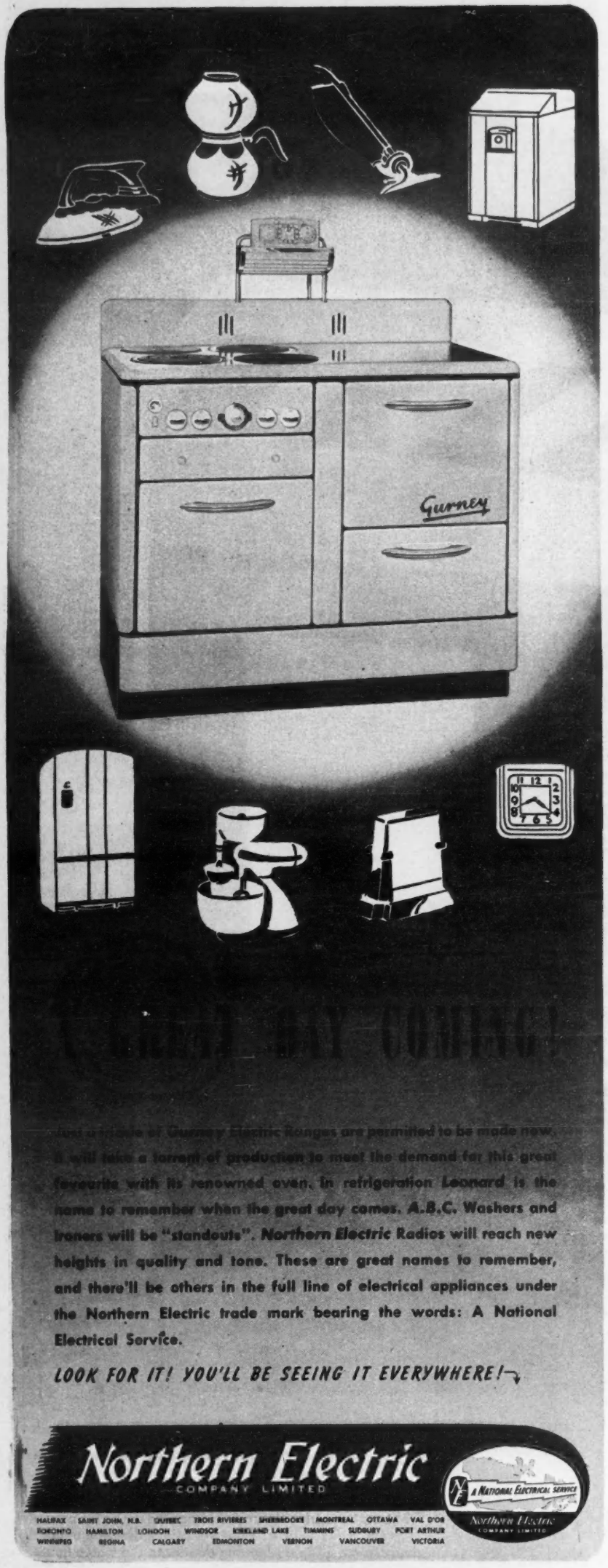
week most of them were unable to eat at all, but after that they got back to normal-sized meals, and in six weeks Elsa Brown had gained 25 pounds, her daughter Rachel, 20 pounds. "I said I don't care if I do get fat, I shall never worry about my figure again."

Once their hunger had been satisfied, their thoughts were all on getting home. "We kept packing and repacking, hoping our names would be on the next list." Elsa Brown wrote to her husband to England, not knowing, till she received her first letter from him in March, that he was back home in Toronto. He heard the news of his family's liberation just as he was about to go on the air on the evening of Feb. 3, and the excitement in the radio station was terrific.

Elsa Brown finally sailed for home on April 10, on a ship that carried 2,500 internees and almost 5,000 passengers altogether. "We wore army hospital suits which we had to return when we reached Los Angeles," she says, "and there the Red Cross outfitted us all with clothes that were secondhand but very decent-looking." People told her she would be tired out by the train trip from Vancouver to Toronto but she says, "I loved every minute of it, passing through this marvellous country, seeing real tablecloths on the tables."

The day after she arrived she went shopping. "My husband kept saying, 'For goodness sake, come along,' but I couldn't stop looking at all the wonderful things." Everything in Toronto looked lovely to Elsa Brown after three years' internment. Her family was united again. They had a house that friends had filled with flowers. There were schools for her children to go to. All those things that Canadians take for granted were and still are exciting to Elsa Brown. ✤





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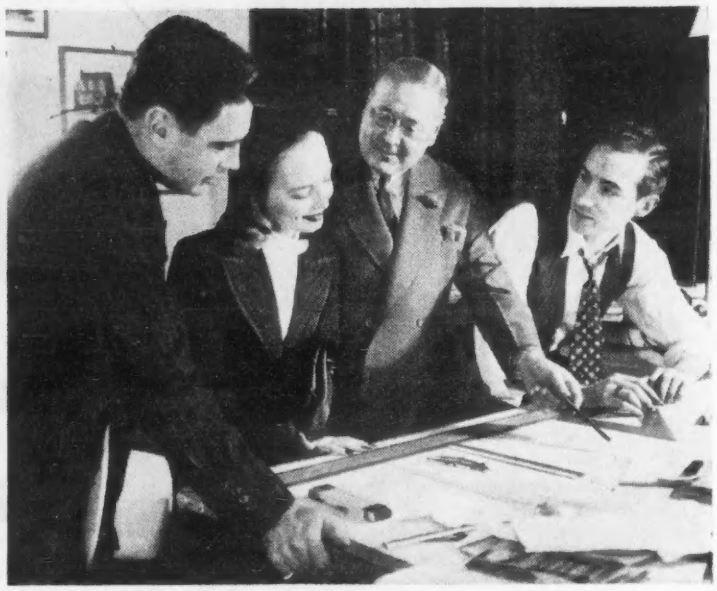
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What an Architect Can Do For You

by John Caulfield Smith



What Is an Architect?

An architect is a professional man, just like a doctor or lawyer. To practice in any Canadian province he must be a member in good standing of the Association of Architects in that province Membership in the association means that he possesses the official qualifications of education, good character and experience, that he has agreed to abide by the ethical code of the profession, and that he is worthy of public confidence. While it is not necessary to hold a university degree in architecture in order to be a member of the association, most younger architects do possess such degrees.

Be sure that anyone undertaking to provide architectural services for you is *really* an architect. To protect you, provincial legislation establishes penalties for a person who calls himself an architect without being a member of the association.

Why Hire an Architect?

When a businessman plans erection of a commercial or industrial building, he calculates the cost of construction on the amount the building is expected to earn for him. To ensure profitable operation he hires an architect to design the structure.

When you decide to build a house, the need for expert attention is just as important. Though less tangible than those the businessman anticipates, the returns are just as real. Your new residence may represent the largest single expenditure of your entire lifetime, and satisfaction with your investment is figured in terms of beauty, livability, economy, and pride of ownership.

The size of a building project has nothing to do with the interest it holds for the architect. "No house," one of them recently told me, "is too small to deserve the best I have to offer. Architectural services are as essential for the residence of modest size as for the mansion. Actually the less money there is to spend, the greater the need for expert design."

What Does an Architect Do?

The advantages of engaging an architect cannot be fully realized unless he is instructed to provide complete services. Employing him on a partial service basis—say, to furnish sketch plans only—is neither in his best interest nor your own.

To discuss your building project with an architect involves no obligation on your part. He will help you, if you so desire, in the choice of a lot. He can inform you as to neighborhood trends, the availability of essential utilities, and whether or not the site you have in mind is a practical building location.

Before he puts pencil to paper, the architect must be informed as to your needs, desires and income. In translating your ideas into sketch form he will try to reconcile what you want with what you can afford. *The total cost of your house and lot should not exceed a sum equal to twice your annual earnings less income tax.* The architect will gladly give you information regarding mortgage loans.

After you have approved his sketch design, the architect will prepare working drawings (from which blueprints are made) and specifications for your house. Using these as a basis, he invites bids on the cost of construction from several reliable contractors. You will probably award the contract to the lowest bidder. As the contract price is the full price, you know in advance what your house will cost. "Extras" are eliminated by the architect's ability to foresee contingencies.

The architect gives periodic supervision during the course of construction. He makes sure that the contractor follows blueprints and specifications and advises you on selections of alternative materials or equipment, as well as on matters relating to colors and finishes. In addition he checks and reviews the contractor's accounts, and issues certificates authorizing payment for the work. All blueprints and specifications are instruments of service and as such remain the property of the architect.

How to Choose an Architect

You will likely select the architect for your new house as a result of his previous work. A friend who has been a satisfied client may recommend him, or you may be attracted by houses he has designed. Perhaps you have visited the actual buildings; maybe you have seen photographs and plans of them in magazines.

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The Smart Little Girl

Continued from page 47

even competing with the really smart and tailored-looking girls.

However, with considerable labor and a good deal of argument, often, and plenty of hard searching, you *can* look your type, and still cut it to size.

That suit I wear on Page 39, for instance. It's exactly the kind of thing I like for business. But often someone will tell you you need a higher waistline or a shorter coat or something like that, because you're tiny. *Don't let them.* Get to know your own best proportions—and make them good smart grown-up ones. Get fitters and dressmakers and tailors to do them *your* way. Of course you've got to study and know yourself like a book. Your danger is in (a) looking too little-girlish all the time or (b) just plain dumpy. You need well-shaped and padded shoulders, and cleverly tapered waistlines just like the big girl. But you need them *in proportion.*

Simplicity, I believe, should be the keynote of the little girl's dressing. Anything exaggerated or startling draws attention to the fact that she's small. I like things made in a smart but simple design, and I find all one color good—although a small subdued print can be worn all right. Girls of my height should strive for that pencil-slim look.

Beware of overpowering accessories—like wide-brimmed hats, large bags and so on, or big chunky jewellery. Smart but small earrings, pearls, cleverly designed height-making hats and plain good-looking gloves and shoes are your best bets. Unless you really feel it's your dish, avoid fussiness, frills, bows, flowers, etc., especially for business.

Personally I believe a flat hairdo does take away from a girl's height and that the popular "up" style, with some height on the front of the head, is good. That, of course, depends on the type. Too-fussy hairdos again give that miniature appearance you are trying to avoid.

A long jacket or a too-short skirt are items to watch. Both are shortening.

Summing up, I'd say that perfect fit in clothes is of the greatest importance to the short girl. ✚

No Cheers—No Medals

Continued from page 16

ALL THESE facts explain why the enormous powers of compulsion freely given to the Government in May, 1940, when Britain was revolutionized in a single day, have actually been used most sparingly. The people were not being herded into a course of action they resented. They were doing what they wanted to do—standing straight up and fighting back with everything they had got. If the Government had suggested doing anything else these people would have changed the Government. Of course there was grumbling, for we like to grumble, especially at ourselves. (We don't criticize our Allies.) And naturally these people have better notions of life than long hours and short rations, bombs and blackout. Now, I think, they are feeling rather like folk emerging from a long-darkened room into the sunlight. They fought and toiled and suffered for the chance of a better world for all decent men and women. I believe, with all my heart, they will play an equally notable part in securing and building up that world. ✚

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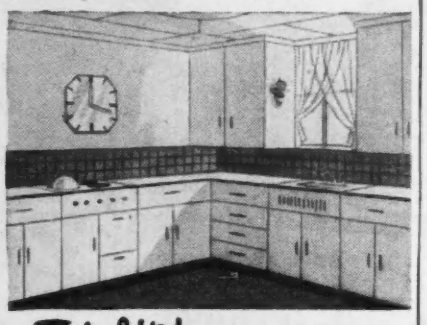
A copy of "*Planning Your Bathroom and Kitchen*" is yours for the asking at your nearest Crane branch.

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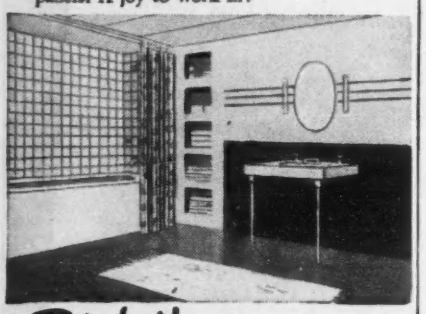
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This living-room . . . restful, rich, attractive . . . was economically achieved. Walls and ceiling of durable Masonite* Presdwood . . . bevelled and scored . . . painted a rich ivory. Masonite takes paint, enamel or lacquer beautifully.



This kitchen features moisture-resistant, easily-cleaned Masonite. All upper walls and cabinets are of Tempered Presdwood . . . sink and stove in a setting of Temprtile . . . ceiling of bevelled Presdwood panels. A joy to work in!

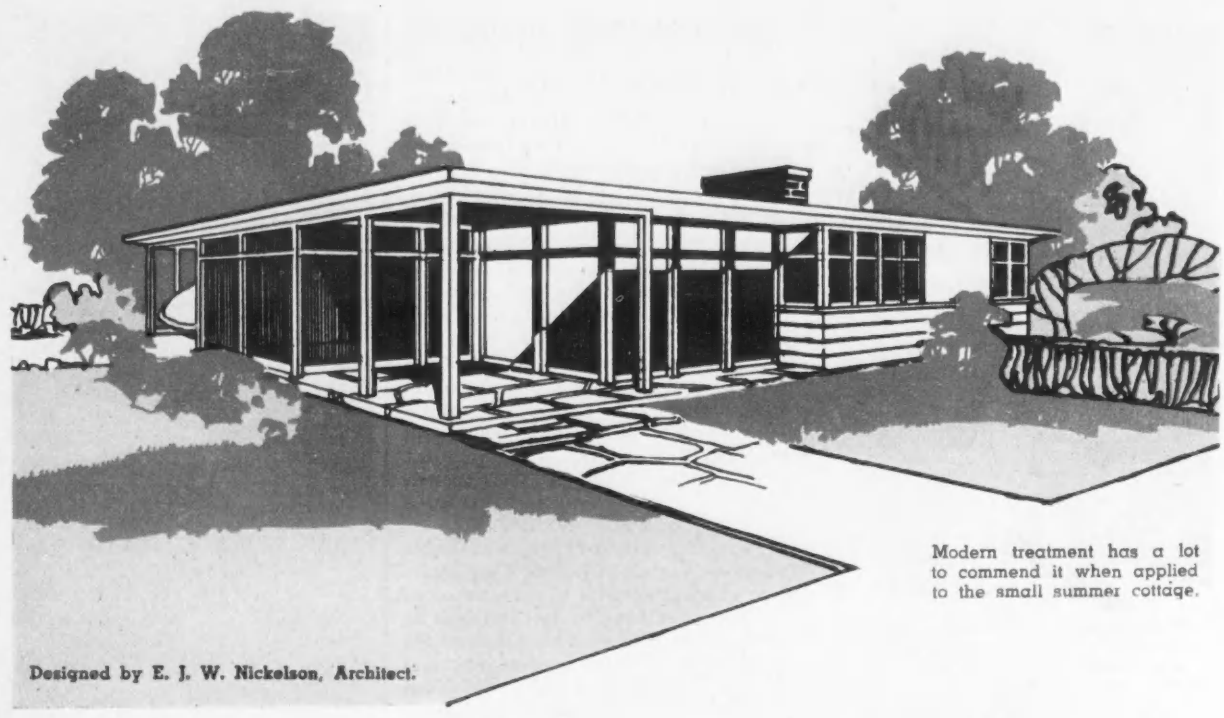


This bathroom centres conveniently around bath-recess of Temprtile. Roomy set-in shelves and upper walls are of Tempered Presdwood, with chromium moulding...marbelized wainscot has wear-resisting base of the same material. Gleaming, spotless effect at low cost.

In your present home — you can reproduce these rooms economically and enjoy all the improvements that versatile, *modern* Masonite Brand Products offer. Write for sample and complete information to International Fibre Board Limited, Gatineau, Que., Dept. 122-A.

THE WOOD OF A THOUSAND USES
Masonite BRAND PRODUCTS

* 'MASONITE' IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK AND SIGNIFIES THAT MASONITE COMPANY OF CANADA LTD. IS THE SOURCE OF THE PRODUCT.



Designed by E. J. W. Nickelson, Architect.

Modern treatment has a lot to commend it when applied to the small summer cottage.

A House for Holidays

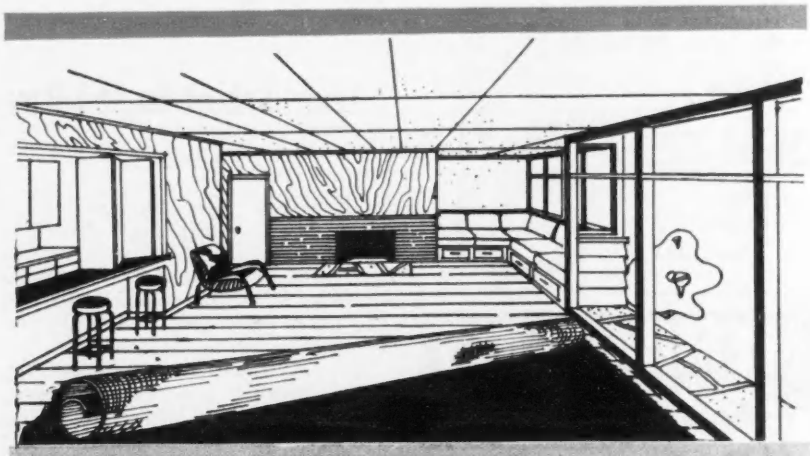
DESPITE difficulties entailed in getting labor and materials to build it—to say nothing of sufficient gasoline to drive to and from it after it *is* built—the summer cottage as a special project this year or the next remains one of the most tempting subjects of family conversation. The Canadian climate forces us to spend so much time indoors, we're anxious to crowd as much outdoor living as possible into the few suitable months.

A place for summer living should be designed to function with the least possible effort. It should "work" smoothly, efficiently and economically. It is a place for the enjoyment of leisure; therefore the cottage should be designed and equipped to enhance that enjoyment. The same careful consideration that any building venture deserves should be given to the selection of a site and the various phases of construction.

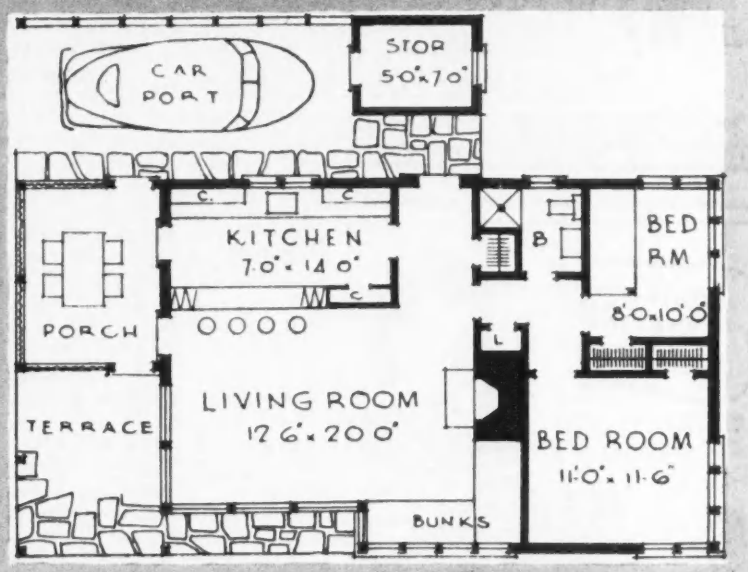
From the standpoint of design, many summer homes lack originality and interest. Why should this be? The problem is not unworthy of the best architectural talent available. To demonstrate what *can* be accomplished with today's methods and materials Chatelaine commissioned a young Toronto architect to present his conception of the perfect cottage for a small family. Here it is—a building designed to do a specific job, one which strikingly satisfies a popular Canadian demand.

Entrance to the cottage is made directly from the "car port" into a small hall which leads to a well-proportioned living room. Off the living room is a screened porch which may be used for dining, though meals will more often be served at the dining bar which opens from the kitchen into the living room. Two bedrooms are provided, one to take a double bed, the other planned with bunks. For guests, two bunks which serve as day couches are built in in the living room.

Wood or composition siding has been selected for the exterior, with ample glass areas to take advantage of natural beauty. Builtup roofing has been used for the roof, and wood fibreboard for ceilings. The interior wall finish is plywood and plywood is also employed for flooring. All screening is of rustproof metal. ♣



Interior of living room is finished with plywood walls, wood fibreboard ceiling. Note dining bar, served from kitchen, and built-in day-beds.



Plan is distinguished by simplicity and direct method by which it meets accommodation problems. The average small family would find this an agreeable layout for summer living; the plan and convenience features reduce daily housekeeping chores to a minimum.

Chatelaine Housekeeping



Harvest Time

by Helen G. Campbell

IT'S HARVEST TIME! The grain is golden in the fields, fruits are ripe for the picking, and vegetables in all their profusion flaunt their colors in our markets. This is the season of richness, brilliance and bounty as our tables testify.

Though August has its dog days, no month is kinder to the makers of meals—and the partakers thereof. It ushers in—to the delight of our palates and the good of our health—an abundance of vitamin-bearing, appetite-stirring foods with a hundred and one different flavors and as many uses in the menu. The thing is to do your best by them with proper cooking and attractive arrangement. And serve them often; you can have too much of some good things but not of these.

Harvest Platter (pictured above): an eggplant of royal purple, scarlet tomatoes and golden corn. Parboil the eggplant for 15 minutes, cut and scoop out the centre, leaving shell about ½ in. thick. Chop the scooped-out portion, mix with 1½ cupfuls of soft crumbs, ¼ cupful ready-cooked bran, ¼ cupful melted fat, 1¼ cupfuls of diced cooked meat, an egg, a little onion, a touch of Worcestershire and seasonings. Fill the shell and sprinkle with lightly crushed, buttered corn flakes. Bake half an hour or so in a hot oven.

Other Vegetable Combinations—handsome and delicious:

Whole cauliflower, with cheese sauce, surrounded by sliced new beets, broccoli or spinach molds.

Duchess potatoes reheated in a ring mold (buttered and lined with crushed corn flakes). Turn out. Fill centre with new green peas and border with broiled tomato halves.

Baked green pepper stuffed with canned spaghetti. Ring-around of carrot fingers and celery cooked together.

Vegetable marrow baked whole, stuffed with harvard beets. Corn fritters. ✦ *Cont'd on next page*

Creating a Sensation!

NEW MIRACLE WALLPAPER

...a Snap to Put Up Yourself!



AMAZING TRIMZ TRADE MARK READY-PASTED WALLPAPER

NO PASTE! NO TOOLS! NO MUSS!

Q. "I'm pretty busy these days. Would I have time?"

A. Time is exactly what it takes so little of. TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper goes up in a jiffy like a postage stamp—dries in 20 minutes. Thousands have proved that anyone can hang it. Just wet it and put it up. Guaranteed to stick or your money back.

Q. "Does it go over old wallpaper?"

A. It does. And over any painted wall. Remember, TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper is precision-trimmed to fit and match perfectly. No fussing with cutters and seam-rollers. In a few hours the job's done and the family's delighted!

Q. "Are the patterns nice?"

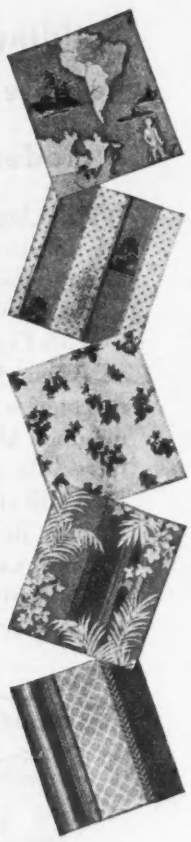
A. "Nice," you say. They're lovely, beautiful, knockout! And there's a wide variety to choose from—all created by the world's foremost wallpaper manufacturer. At the store a guide chart which tells you just the right colors and patterns for your room also tells how much paper you need.

Q. "Is it washable?"

A. Definitely. And fade-proof. And style-tested so you can be sure rooms will be distinctive, colorful and in perfect taste. TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper makes decorating so quick, easy and so much fun—it's such a snap to do one room—you'll be eager to brighten up the whole house this amazing new way.

Q. "How about the bad news?"

A. You mean cost? It's *good* news. TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper costs as little as $2.75 a box, with matching border at no extra charge. Three boxes do an average room at a total cost of $8.25. This is 20% *less* than the average cost of hanging ordinary wallpaper yourself...45% *less* than the average cost of hiring the job done with ordinary wallpaper. You save amazingly with Trimz!



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AS LOW AS $2.75 PER BOX
And 3 Boxes Do the Average Room

Parliament's Lone Lady

by Dora Dibney



Steinberg Studio

Gladys Strum: farmer's wife, former teacher, now the M. P. for Qu'Appelle.

"LIFE FOR me, parliamentary life, will certainly begin at 40," smiles Mrs. Gladys Strum, only woman in Canada elected to the Dominion House of Commons, and representing the constituency of Qu'Appelle in Saskatchewan.

Qu'Appelle is a good-sized constituency for anyone to represent. It stretches from the Manitoba boundary to the city limits of Regina. Former member was E. E. Perley, Progressive Conservative, and not only did Mr. Perley go down to defeat, but also the Liberal Government's National Defense Minister, Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton.

"It was a good fight," remarked this attractive, blond, blue-eyed woman, who certainly doesn't look her 39 years. Her daughter Elaine, 15, has the same fair coloring as her mother, and the general youthful appearance also extends to slim Warner Strum, who is genuinely proud of his wife's achievements. Indeed it is to her husband that Mrs. Strum gives all the credit for any success in political life that has come her way.

"It was not I who really won, though," she disclaims. "It was the people, all the voluntary helpers. I think that somehow they felt the CCF was their own party and they just wanted the candidate of their own party elected . . .

"Do say that I particularly don't want to stress women's rights. I think women's rights are just the same as men's rights. We're all citizens.

"Seems to me women get excited about all the wrong things, like whether to have pink or blue blankets for the baby's crib, but they don't get excited about prenatal care, and proper medical attention and free hospitalization.

"You'd think, too, they'd get excited

✦ *Continued on page 60*



THIS IS A Colleen Bawn REG'D GARMENT MADE IN CANADA

August Hit Parade winner in "Home Spun"
An ATC Rayon Fabric

"Home-Frocks" scores again . . . with the prettiest, perkiest peplum-dress for many figure types! It's young, slimming and flattering . . . comes in ATC's "Home-Spun", a slub rayon weave . . . in cool flower pattern on grounds of pool blue, wood violet, grass green, tanbark, and navy . . . in sizes 24 to 42! Under $5.00.

"Colleen Bawn" Dresses are sold at leading stores across Canada—one of the "Lucky Seven" featured by

HOME FROCKS LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUEBEC



31 Dinners for AUGUST

Plan breakfasts and suppers for complementary flavor and nutritive balance. Make the most of August's ripe, luscious fruits and colorful vegetables in the day's meals.

WED 1	Vegetable Soup Grilled Sausage and Tomatoes Potato Cakes Creamed Cauliflower Mixed Fruit Platter Coffee Tea
THU 2	Swiss Steak Parsley Potatoes Buttered Beets Baked Custard with Blueberries Coffee Tea
FRI 3	Tomato Juice Broiled Fresh Herring Mashed Potatoes Swiss Chard Fruited Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
SAT 4	Hamburger Balls Fried Tomatoes Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Gingerbread Applesauce Coffee Tea
SUN 5	Consommé Cold Sliced Tongue Potato Puff String Beans Lemon Milk Sherbet Coffee Tea
MON 6	Boiled Tongue Jellied Horse-radish Mashed Potatoes Spinach Peach and Blueberry Cup Coffee Iced Cocoa
TUE 7	Tomato Juice Lamb Chops and Sausages Boiled Potatoes Carrots Raspberry Trifle Iced Coffee or Tea
WED 8	Scalloped Corn with Green Peppers Brussels Sprouts Baked Tomatoes Cauliflower Green Apple Pie Coffee Tea
THU 9	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Carrots Melon and Blackberry Cup Bran Cocoa Squares Coffee Tea
FRI 10	Cream of Potato Soup Salmon Salad with Celery Radish, Tomatoes, Lettuce Peach Upside-down cake Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 11	Rib Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Cup Custards Plum Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 12	Bouillon Cold Roast Beef Relishes Potato Cakes Creamed New Beets Diced Fruits in Lime Jelly Coffee Tea
MON 13	Baked Sausages Scalloped Potatoes Coleslaw Chocolate Bread Pudding with Cream Iced Coffee or Lemonade
TUE 14	Tomato Juice Lamb Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Apple Pie Cheese Coffee Tea
WED 15	Oven-cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Diced Beets Sliced Cucumber Salad Chocolate Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
THU 16	Assorted Cold Meats Pickles Potato Salad, Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Sliced Tomatoes Black Currant Rolypoly Coffee Tea
FRI 17	Baked Fillets of Haddock with Lemon Riced Potatoes Green Beans Grapefruit and Blackberries Coffee Iced Cocoa
SAT 18	Grilled Kidneys and Sausage Creamed Potatoes Summer Squash Ice Cream Plum Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 19	Jellied Consommé Roast Shoulder of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Carrots Peaches and Cream Coffee Punch
MON 20	Cold Roast Lamb Baked Potatoes Celery in Cream Sauce Apple Betty Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 21	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Sliced Tomato Blueberries and Cream Coffee Tea
WED 22	Vegetable Plate (Salmon-stuffed Cucumbers, Scalloped Potatoes, Buttered Beets, Spinach) Deep Fruit Pie Coffee Tea
THU 23	Tomato Juice Oven-cooked Steak Summer Squash Riced Potatoes Jellied Applesauce Coffee Wafers Tea
FRI 24	Broiled Mackerel Lemon Butter Potato Balls Tomatoes Fresh Peach Ice Cream Small Cakes Coffee Tea
SAT 25	Hamburg Patties Mushroom Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Wax Beans Pear, Orange and Nut Salad Coffee Tea
SUN 26	Fruit Cup Stewed Chicken Baked Potatoes Fresh Corn Cup Cakes Plum Sauce Coffee Fruit Punch
MON 27	Grilled Lamb Chops with Currant Jelly Home-fried Potatoes Carrots Green Salad Floating Island Coffee Tea
TUE 28	Apple Juice Harvest Platter Mustard Pickle Celery Fresh Peaches Loaf Cake Coffee Iced Cocoa
WED 29	Asparagus Soup Liver Sausage Duchess Potatoes Cauliflower Apple Betty Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 30	Tomato Juice Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Fresh Plum Cottage Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 31	Haddock Loaf Egg Sauce Mashed Potatoes Coleslaw Stuffed Tomatoes Blueberry Pie Coffee Tea

★ ★

Harvest Platter, see page 56

Fresh Plum Cottage Pudding: Pour batter over lightly stewed fresh plums. Bake or steam; serve with plum or other sauce.

Peach and Blueberry Cup: A delicious combination of two August fruits. Sweeten lightly.

Fruited Spanish Cream: Add fresh fruit as desired to your plain Spanish cream recipe.



HEAR YOUR FAMILY CHEER!



MAGIC'S LUSCIOUS PRUNE BISCUITS

1 cup sifted flour
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
½ tspn. salt
1 cup whole wheat flour
grated rind 1 lemon
4 tbspns. shortening
⅔ cup milk
6 to 12 chopped, stewed prunes, as desired
¼ cup brown sugar

Sift together first three ingredients. Add whole wheat flour, lemon rind. Cut in shortening until mixed. Add milk to make soft dough. Roll out ⅛-inch thick, spread with well-drained chopped prunes; sprinkle with brown sugar. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch pieces; stand on end in well-greased muffin pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Makes 15.



You'll win top family honors with Magic's Prune Biscuits—so melty-rich, so *deliciously different* the folks will vote them "Best we ever ate!"

But don't take chances with ordinary baking powders. Always use Magic and *make sure* of finest results in all baked dishes. 3 generations of Canadian homemakers have depended on Magic's wholesome purity to guarantee finer, lighter texture, more delicious flavor.

Magic is economical, too—costs only 1¢ per average baking. So treat your family to Magic's Prune Biscuits tonight!

MADE IN CANADA

YOU'LL CHEER DEPENDABLE MAGIC



Remember this, the next time you buy a tooth brush: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new *synthetic* bristles.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, *none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than Prolon*, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Only PROLON has "Round Ends"

Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, it's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. *(Canada)* Ltd., Toronto

P.S. We also make this 25¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



MADE IN CANADA

Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in the Country

Cucumber Chips
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Large cucumbers
Salt
1 Egg, beaten
1 Cupful of cracker crumbs
4 Tablespoonfuls of fat
1 Tablespoonful of flour
¾ Cupful of milk
¼ Pound of cheese
Salt, pepper, cayenne

Peel and slice the cucumbers one-quarter inch thick. Salt them well and let stand half an hour. Dry the cucumbers, dip in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs. Fry about three minutes or until brown. Serve with cheese sauce. To make the sauce, melt the cheese and the butter in the top part of a double boiler, add the flour and blend well. Then add the milk, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Four servings.

Onion Pie
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Line a pie plate with pastry and fill with layers of thinly sliced peeled mild onions, piling them carefully so that the pie will be well filled. Beat one egg, add one tablespoonful of milk or water and pour over the top of the onions. Season to taste with salt and pepper and cover with rolled pastry. Seal the edges by crimping and bake in a hot oven—450 deg. F.—for 10 minutes. Then reduce the temperature and continue cooking at 350 deg. F. until the onions are tender. Serve with sausage or hamburgers.

Broccoli-stuffed Tomatoes
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

6 Ripe tomatoes
1 Cupful of cooked broccoli, diced
Butter, salt and pepper

Wash the tomatoes, remove the stem end and scoop out some of the pulp. Drain the tomatoes and sprinkle lightly with salt. Mix the tomato pulp with the broccoli, season with butter, salt and pepper and return to the tomato cups. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. F.—for about half an hour. Serve with cheese sauce. Six servings.

Fried Vegetable Marrow Rings
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Peel a marrow, cut it in half-inch-thick slices and remove the centre. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender (about 10 minutes). Drain. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in flour, in beaten egg and then in fine bread or cracker crumbs. Place in frying pan with melted butter, brown on both sides. Serve at once.

Stuffed Pepper Variations
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Stuff parboiled green peppers, centres removed, with canned spaghetti. Top with corn flakes or crumbs and bake.

Fill raw pepper halves with salmon and celery salad. Serve with cucumber slices, mixed greens and crusty rolls.

Or pack raw peppers with seasoned cottage cheese, then chill thoroughly. Just before serving slice with a sharp knife—a colorful addition to a salad plate.

Try parboiled green peppers, stuffed with a bread crumb and meat mixture moistened with milk, bouillon, gravy or tomato juice, then bake for about a half hour in a moderate oven—350 deg. F.

Plum Roll
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
½ Teaspoonful of salt
4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
¾ Cupful of milk
2 Cupfuls of halved, stoned plums, stewed and sweetened
1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
½ Cupful of brown sugar
½ Teaspoonful of ground cinnamon

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening and add milk to make a soft dough that can be handled. Roll on a lightly floured board to one-half-inch thickness and rectangular shape. Over this spread the plums which have been drained, sprinkle with lemon juice, brown sugar and cinnamon and roll up like a jelly roll. Bake in a greased pan in a moderately hot oven—375 deg. F.—for about one-half hour. Serve hot with plum sauce made with the juice drained from the plums. Six servings.

Blueberry Cake — Crumb Topping
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Make the crumb topping and set it aside until the cake batter is mixed.

Crumb Topping

¼ Cupful of sugar
⅛ Cupful of flour
½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
1 Tablespoonful of butter
1 Tablespoonful of shortening

Combine the flour, sugar and cinnamon. Rub in the fat till the mixture becomes crumbly.

Blueberry Cake

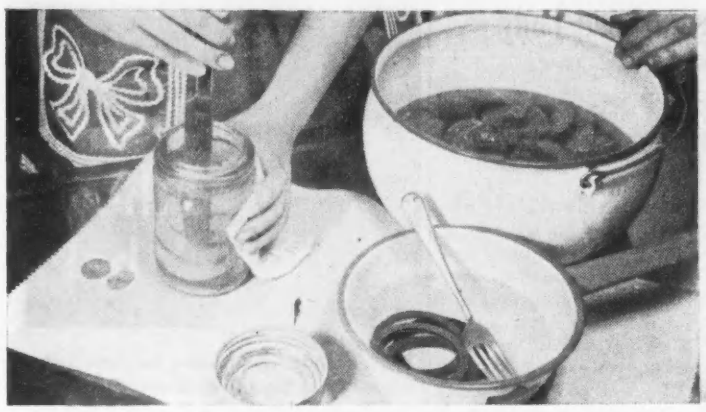
¼ Cupful of shortening
¼ Cupful of sugar
1 Egg, beaten
1 Cupful of pastry flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
⅛ Teaspoonful of salt
⅓ Cupful of milk
¼ Teaspoonful of vanilla
2 Cupfuls of blueberries

Cream the shortening and continue creaming with the sugar till light. Add the egg. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Add vanilla and pour into a greased, eight-inch-square cake pan. Spread washed blueberries on top. Sprinkle with crumb topping and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. F.—for 45 minutes. Serve with light cream or lemon sauce. Six servings.

Grape Pie
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

5 Cupfuls of stemmed and washed blue grapes
¾ Cupful of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
Pinch of salt
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Squeeze the pulp from the skins and heat the pulp for five minutes or until softened. Rub through a sieve to remove the seeds, then combine with the sugar, cornstarch and salt which have been mixed. Cook for 10 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from the heat, add the grape skins and the lemon juice. Cool, then turn into an unbaked pastry shell and cover the top with narrow strips of pastry, arranged lattice fashion. Bake in a hot oven—400 to 425 deg. F.—for about one-half hour or until the pastry is nicely browned. ✤



3 NORMA: What's the sense of running a knife around inside the jar?
JANE: The knife blade stunt is to chase out any air bubbles—better color, better flavor, better keeping and more vitamins in the jar. Glad to see you haven't forgotten to scald the rubbers.



4 JANE: Atta girl! For an air-tight seal make certain the rubber fits the jar and that it's perfectly free of any bit of fruit, underneath or on top.
NORMA: This way of holding the hot jar is quite a trick. I never thought you could can peaches without burning yourself.



5 JANE: Into the bath they go—at once. No crowding! The water you put in the canner before you began is about the same temperature as your filled jars. See the reason for using a deep kettle; the water's up an inch or two over the tops, with room for boiling. Cover Canner.



6 JANE: Last step—just 15 minutes (for pints) after the water started to boil. Complete seal, cool upright. Store where it's dark, dry, cool
NORMA: It was always Dad's job to tighten the tops after cooling.
JANE: I know, but that often breaks the seal. Better leave 'em alone.

Are you a "Can't-be-Bothered" Mother?



"Don't bother me just now, Judy—I haven't time to listen because Dad will be home for dinner in a few minutes." And Ada Gerry *didn't even turn* from her cooking to see what her young daughter wanted. She missed the hurt, bewildered look that came into the child's eyes, too.

There's *more* to bringing up children than keeping them clean and warm and well-fed. *That's only a start!* It is *tremendously important* that a parent be a companion to the child, too! Share her joys, troubles and little secrets. They may seem trivial to you, but THEY'RE NOT TRIVIAL TO THE CHILD!



Each event of the day has a meaning for her . . . she learns by asking questions . . . and depends on you to *help her learn.* If your child can *feel free* to bring all her troubles and doubts to you for solution, you have established a RELATIONSHIP OF DECIDED AND LASTING VALUE!

Don't ever be TOO BUSY to listen—because once you turn a child away, you lose her confidence . . . perhaps send her to far less reliable sources for her information.

To the child, a parent should be COMPANION, FRIEND AND CONFIDANTE . . . your responsibility is not only to raise a normal, healthy child—but to build a steady, well-rounded character as well. Don't ever be TOO BUSY for THAT!

Boisterous "Hello"

It's a delightfully sunny day, and Denny, age 3, is just going out to play. Ah,—there are the kids over in Doug's yard—and off he skips to join in the fun.



His first greeting for Doug is a resounding *whack* on the back, and Doug returns it—and the first thing you know the rest of the boys have joined in and *it's a free-for-all!*

When Denny whacks his friend, he's just saying "hello" with impulsive joy—he doesn't mean to start a fight. And he *can't understand* why his friend gets cross.

You must teach him he must *not* be *so boisterous,* and here's how to do it. Next time he starts a fight in this way, take him in and sit him down and give him something to do. Keep him in *long enough* to *inconvenience* him, and when he asks to go out to play again, say "No. You hit Doug. Now you must stay by yourself until you learn to BEHAVE!"

NO MORE TALK THAN THAT. You may have to repeat the performance once or twice, but he'll soon get the idea—and learn that he must be more gentle with his greetings.

Breakfast a Problem?



Quite often children don't like breakfast. They just play with what you give them to eat—object to the family cereal. A gloomy breakfast mood can often be brightened by serving the cereal that's *fun to eat* as well as *good to taste*—KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES! Have the children listen to the gay Snap-Crackle-Pop when you pour on the milk. Soon they'll be so intrigued they'll want to taste the little golden bubbles of rice. Next thing you know they'll be saying "*Yum,* I like *these!*"—and be coming back for more. "Rice Krispies" is the registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Get some soon! Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Janet Power



JANET POWER

Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH8, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay $5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My young son used to SULK"

writes Mrs. Fred Sager.

One of my sons had the bad habit of sulking and refusing his meals if peeved. Then when the meal was over, and dishes done, he would ask for something to eat in such a heart-broken way that for a long time I hated to refuse him. Finally I realized what I was doing to him and promised "no supper, none at all" next time. He tried it just once more, and finding me adamant, never did it again.



Your

NEW WESTINGHOUSE SERVANTS WILL HAVE WONDERFUL REFERENCES

You have been waiting months and maybe years for modern electric servants to take the toil out of housekeeping .... You surely need *help* ... and you need *experienced* help.

The *new* Westinghouse appliances you'll soon be buying will be *better* appliances because of the knowledge, research, skill and experience Westinghouse has gained in the building of over thirty million fine electric appliances.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED HAMILTON, CANADA

Westinghouse



Norma Learns To Can Peaches

The bride you met on Page 12 visits the Chatelaine Institute, and, with Jane Monteith to guide her, does up a batch of fruit.

HERE'S WHAT Jane told Norma:

About *Jars:* Pints are a good bet for a twosome family. Use screw tops, spring tops or vacuum type. Wash in hot soapy water, rinse well, scald, keep jars and lids under scalding water until ready to fill.

About *Rubbers:* Use new ones. Get right fit for the jars. Scald in boiling water; don't boil.

About *Peaches*: Have them fresh, ripe. Use only perfect ones. Can promptly in small lots. Cull, grade. Wash well in lots of water; lift out. Handle gently. Blanch, slip off skins, drop in salted water (1 teaspoonful to a quart). Don't leave in brine too long. Halve, stone, precook in syrup 5 minutes. Hot-pack.

About *Syrup:* Use thin syrup; boil together one minute sugar and water in proportion of 1 cupful sugar, 2 of water. This makes about 2½ cupfuls—enough for 3 pint jars.

About the *Method*: The Boiling Water Bath is tops. Have canner, with rack, deep enough to let water come 2 in. over the tops of the jars.

About *Processing:* Heat water in canner while you prepare peaches. Have it the same temperature as filled jars when they go in. Vacuum type completely sealed; screw and spring tops partially sealed. Process pints for 15 minutes after water comes to vigorous boil. Keep water boiling and over tops.

Gingham dress and apron courtesy The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.



1 JANE: Here's a peachy way to scare peaches out of their skins. Douse in near-boiling water for about a minute, then dip quickly in cold. Blanch a few at a time like this. Then slip off the skins, drop into lightly salted water just till you've finished a small batch.



2 NORMA: Tell me this—why precook, why so fussy about covering fruit with syrup, why not fill jars to overflowing?
JANE: Precooking shrinks fruit, saves jar space. Syrup over fruit prevents discoloring; ½ inch head space lets fruit expand a bit.

Norma Gets Some Tips

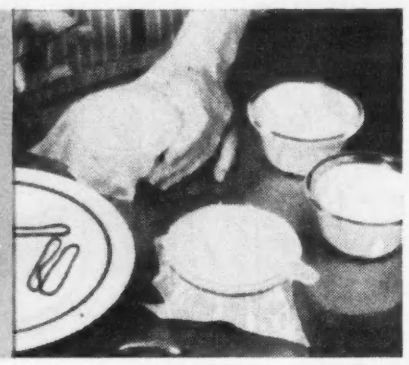


Pink and white cotton dress courtesy Simpson's, Toronto

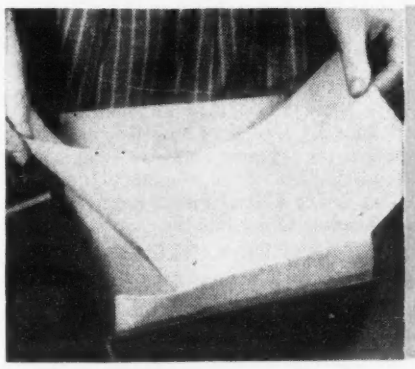
For a pie with a nice open face, fit the shell loosely but neatly (don t stretch) into an ungreased pie plate. Trim with scissors, leaving an inch overhang. Tuck under, flute edge, prick surface all over with a fork to bake flat. Chill, then into an oven 450 deg. Fahr. 10 to 15 min.—hot stuff!



Trick to prevent a curdled custard: set the dishes in a pan and surround with hot water. Keep water below boiling point during the cooking. Real smoothie!



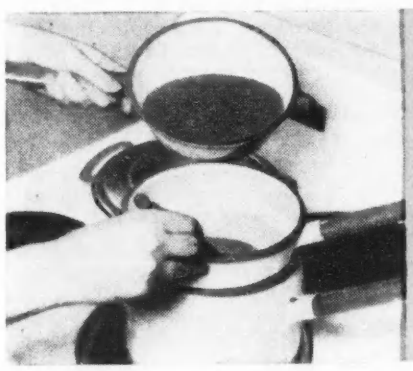
To discourage a tough film forming on blancmange and other cornstarch desserts, cover your puddings while still hot, with waxed paper. Chill under cover.



For neat lining of cake pans use two sheets of paper, one for length, one for width. Arrange as illustrated. Sidesteps trouble at the corners. Neat work.



Cool a cake on a rack to allow good circulation of air around it and prevent sogginess. Patience is a virtue when removing lining paper. Easy does it!



Making tomato soup? Then stir the hot juice gradually into the hot thickened milk, not vice versa. Then you won't need any soda to prevent curdling.



First requisite to consistently good results: accurate measuring. Dip spoon in flour, level off. To measure milk place cup on flat table. Use standard utensils.



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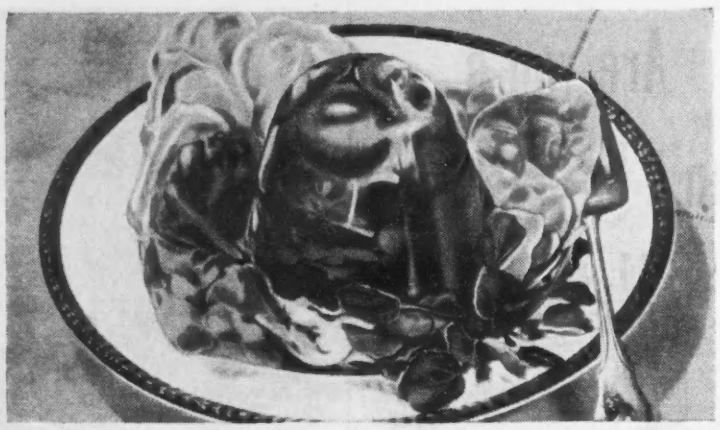
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—this new Knox time-saver treat!

JEWEL SALAD
(Serves 6: uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups hot water
¾ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon horseradish
½ cup each, diced celery, cooked diced beets, finely shredded cabbage
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
3 tablespoons chopped onion

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Add salt, sugar, lemon juice, vinegar and horseradish (if desired). Stir well. When it begins to thicken, fold in remaining ingredients. Pour in individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Serve on greens with any desired dressing.

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Parliament's Lone Lady

Continued from page 54

about protecting their homes and having the assurance they won't lose them because of social insecurity."

WARNER STRUM, in his wife's words, was 'way ahead of her in socialistic, economic and political reading and thinking. Of course he used to talk about the books he was reading and had read, but it wasn't until Mrs. Louise Lucas, well-known party worker, dropped by to address a meeting at Windthorst, about 12 years ago, that Mrs. Strum herself got excited about all these problems.

She started studying the books in her husband's library, and in 1935, when the CCF was becoming politically active in Saskatchewan, she was asked if she would speak at some of the rural gatherings. Speakers were needed badly, she was told.

"And I did," she laughs, "in fear and trembling and in mortal dread of heckling and interruptions and questions."

But she got by, and there wasn't any heckling.

Before that, Mrs. Strum had been active in the Homemakers, Saskatchewan rural women's organization. Her chief interest was public health and in legislation as it affected women and children.

"I was simply appalled," she says, "at the lack of interest and our own lack of knowledge about health matters. We didn't know and seemed afraid to learn anything about cancer. We knew practically nothing of venereal diseases. The idea of free medical care and free hospitalization was something out of this world.

"As for legislation to protect the home—we've got the farmer protected; if he doesn't get a crop, he doesn't pay interest and no one can foreclose on him. What we must have is crop insurance, parity prices and marketing boards."

MR. STRUM, with his two brothers, farms 11 quarter sections, working on a co-operative basis.

The Strums have a modern, white painted bungalow; their living room is to have a fireplace soon as one can be built; and there is a kitchen with dining nook and two bedrooms. They have electric light—an important fact for a family that likes to read.

Mrs. Strum is a good cook and enjoys it. She does a great deal of canning and preserving every year, and she makes most of her own and Elaine's clothes. This spring she made Elaine an attractive suit.

Our lone woman M.P. was born in Gladstone, Man., in 1906 and came to Saskatchewan in 1922. She taught school for a few months at Maryfield, then went to Moosomin to attend normal school there. She laughs reminiscently at this. "Little did I ever dream, when I was a student in Moosomin, that I'd some day be representing it in Parliament."

Her father's family came from Prince Edward Island, her grandmother being a schoolteacher before she married the young United Empire Loyalist.

Her mother's people came from Scotland and settled near Palmerston, Ont. One story is that her grandparents' honeymoon was a walk of several miles through virgin forest to reach their homestead site.

Warner Strum, her husband, was

Continued on page 64



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Training Your Child

By DR. WILLIAM E. BLATZ

Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto.

Use of Leisure Time

DOES YOUR child find time hanging heavily on his hands? Is he continually asking you what he can do?

If this is the case, it is well for the parent to study the situation fully rather than trying to think up an expedient such as "Go for a walk" or "Play with your blocks" or "Listen to the radio" or some such expostulation.

Leisure time for most people is a relatively new experience. There have been people, of course, throughout the ages who have had leisure time, but we are emerging now from the emphasis placed during the Industrial Revolution on the necessity of work and the futility of play. Leisure time must be filled, but the accent is on the well-being and gratification of the individual rather than upon the contribution to others in the way of production. Heretofore, it has been commonly held that all the person needed was the time and he could fill it satisfactorily. We know now that this is erroneous, that it takes as much training and effort to accomplish a satisfactory leisure-time program as it does to build up good work habits. It is relatively easy to entertain people, but it is a more difficult task to teach them to entertain themselves. For this reason we will stress this latter aspect and discuss entertainment at some later date.

Children must learn to play. They do not play instinctively. Such play may be either social or individual. Social play, comprised of games, sports, hikes, picnics and so on, is important and relatively easy to organize. There is the emotional appeal of competition which is healthy, and expenditure of effort which is satisfying. The field of individual activity is far more important and more often neglected. The child must learn to develop the skills of handicraft, which are infinite in variety from the simple to the most complex. No child should lack the opportunity of acquiring handicraft skills which can be used throughout his whole life as the basis for leisure time activity.

There are a few simple rules which parents may observe and which, if followed, will make for a satisfactory leisure-time adjustment on the part of the child.

1. **Place.** In every home there should be set aside some place where the child can feel that his possessions will be undisturbed. No matter how crowded the home, this arrangement is possible. To be sure, if it can be somewhere in the cellar or attic which does not interfere too much with the home management, all the better. This sanctum of the child serves the same purpose as the father's office or factory workshop. Too much attention should not be given to its tidiness. As the child grows up he will learn that tidiness makes for efficiency. In his early years he won't recognize this value and too much emphasis on tidiness may discourage him from effort.

2. **Time.** From the earliest years there should be a time of day during which the child will not be interrupted by household or other tasks. The child should feel that this is part of his routine. Whether he whishes to spend this time in his workshop or not is, of course, a matter of choice. But he should feel that if he starts a program he can, for example, feel assured that he will not be interrupted during the next half hour. This is particularly true during holidays.

3. **Materials.** Materials are of two kinds—tools with which to work and media which can be used up. Too often parents buy *toy* tools which, of course, cannot be expected to be of any use. The tools should be effective. If the child is to saw, the saw must be an effective instrument. Obviously, the parents should not provide the child with a dangerous tool before he is able to handle it. The tools should be adjusted to the activity in which the child is engaging, whether it be carpentry, bookbinding, linoleum cutting or dressmaking. As for the media, the parent must develop in the child some ingenuity in foraging. Many articles which may be used in handicrafts are discarded daily in the garbage—wrapping paper, which makes excellent poster material; string, which can be used for weaving; cardboard boxes which can be made into model villages; packing cases, which make rabbit hutches; cloth of all kinds, which can be made into dolls' clothes; and so on. (In Toronto a children's art centre spends practically nothing for the media which the students use.)

4. **The Adult Role.** The parent has two responsibilities in connection with developing salutary leisure - time activities in the child. The first is by example. Both parents should have a satisfactory leisure-time routine. Both parents should manifest by their busyness during *their* leisure time an interest of some kind, no matter whether it be in collecting, gardening, cabinetmaking, or compiling a file index for recipes. Too many parents whose leisure time is wholly occupied with social entertaining or passively listening to the radio or attending the movies expect their children to show a fervid interest in some hobby or other. If it is remembered that children learn more readily by example than by precept this circumstance can be corrected. The second role of the parent is that of participator. Especially in the younger years, parental participation is most welcome to the child. This participation should not be dominating, but should be chiefly as teacher and audience. A child should be shown how to use a tool, but the job should not be done by the parent. The child may join in with the gardening and cooking and fence mending and stamp collecting. A good deal of patience is required because young children, whose

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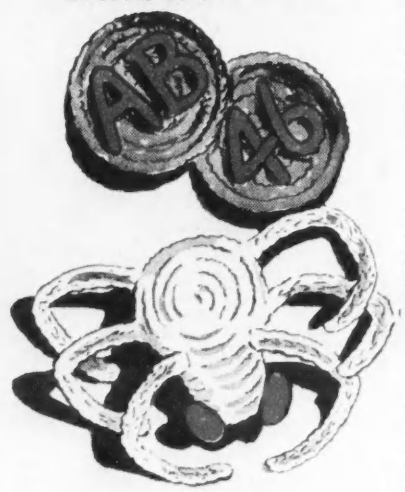
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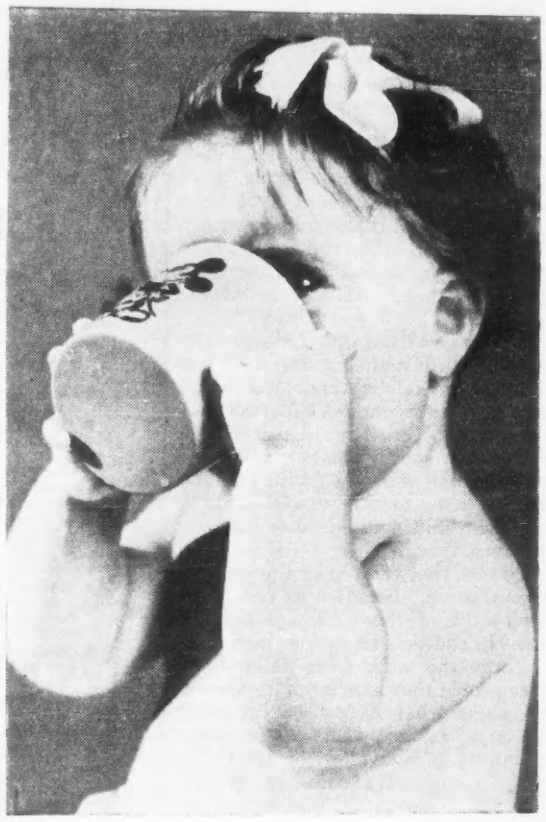
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Child Health Clinic



by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

Milk Must Be Safe

ONE ALWAYS associates milk with healthy growing children, and quite rightly too. In fact the baby needs it from the very start—even before he is born, although of course during the prenatal period his mother actually drinks it and he gets it secondhand. Ordinary adults are cheating their bodies if they don't take half a pint to a pint of it every day. Why is milk so important? It is because it provides the best and easiest way for us to get the lime and riboflavin that we need. In addition, there are other substances of great value to us in it.

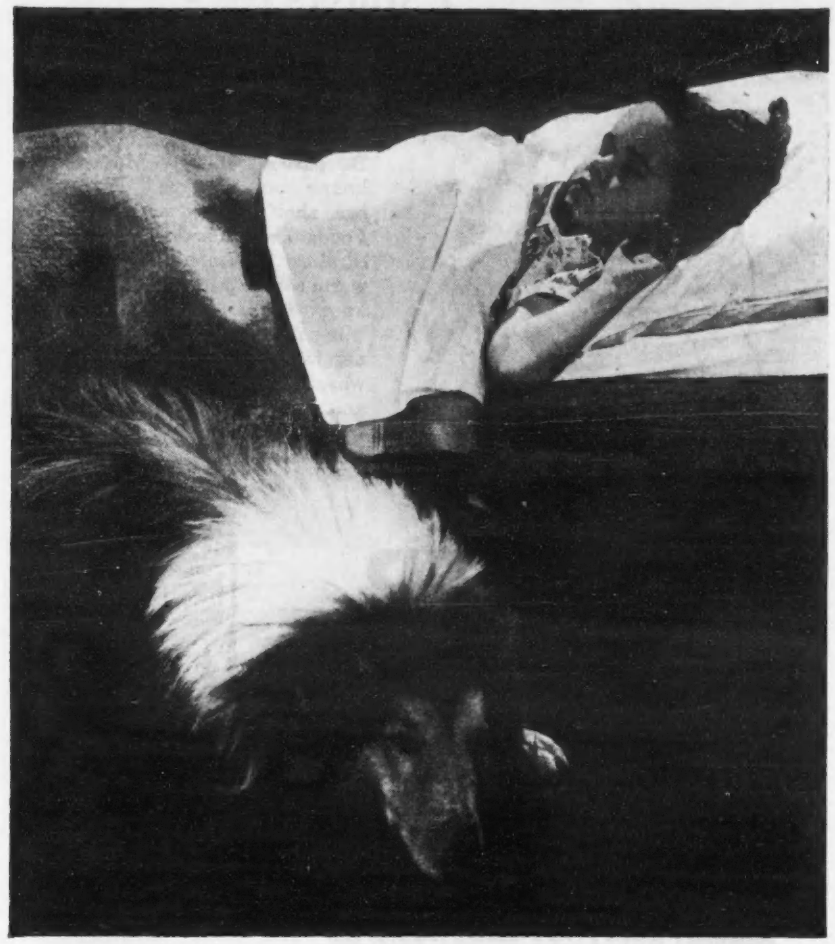
I am sure you all appreciate what a great boon milk is to your family's health, but a good many people still don't realize how dangerous it is unless it is pasteurized or boiled. Because it is such good food, germs grow rapidly in it, especially if it is warm. When milk is pasteurized it is kept at 143 deg. F. for 30 minutes and then cooled rapidly to below 50 degrees. This process kills all the dangerous germs that may be in it. Even though the dairy farmer scrupulously observes all the rules of cleanliness in his barn and his milk house, a certain number of germs always get into the milk. His care in keeping the milk cold and shipping it under the best of conditions, prevents these germs from increasing in number rapidly. In large dairies the raw milk is checked periodically to see that it is up to standard. If it is dirty, the farmer is warned and if he doesn't improve his methods, he loses his contract. So you see pasteurization isn't used to pass dirty milk. Its purpose is to make milk safe, as you will see in a moment.

What are the dangers lurking in raw milk? Tuberculosis is one of them. The cows themselves suffer from this disease and their germs can get into the milk. Unfortunately you can't tell by merely looking at a cow whether it has tuberculosis or not. A tuberculous cow may appear perfectly healthy. A skilled bacteriologist can distinguish cow or bovine tuberculosis germs from the other kind of tuberculosis germs that are found only in human beings—so you see we are not blaming the cow unjustly. Children are the ones most liable to develop tuberculosis from these cow germs, and it usually attacks the glands in their necks, although their bones, kidneys and other vital organs may be ravaged by the disease as well.

Did you know that hunchback is caused by tuberculosis in the backbone, and that these germs may have come from raw milk, and that stiff, lame hips or other joints can be due to the same cause? Fortunately, pasteurizing or boiling milk kills these crippling germs.

HERE IS a true story of what happened seven years ago in one Ontario town. (As the children were sent to the hospital with which I am connected, I have been able to study their records.) The first child—a little girl a year and a half old—had had swollen glands in her neck for nearly a year before she arrived here. She had to spend 10 weeks in hospital, and the glands had to be removed by operation. Cow tuberculosis germs were found in them and also in her tonsils, which were taken out too. The second patient—a boy of nine—had had enlarged neck glands for a year and had been draggy and irritable all that time. He escaped with two operations and four weeks in hospital. The next youngster, a baby of 16 months, was not so lucky. He too had swollen glands in his neck, but his ears also were affected by the same germs. In spite of skilful care, he died three weeks after he entered hospital, because the tuberculosis had spread all over his body. Death is inevitable in such cases. The fourth child, a girl of

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



BUT SANDY CAN'T DO EVERYTHING

The daughter of the house—so lovely and so beloved—is safe and warm in her little bed. Sandy, too, sleeps peacefully, but at the slightest sound his eyes open—his ears perk up—and he sets all nerves alert to fight in the face of danger.

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span of attention is short, may soon lose interest. Insistence upon continuing the task may build up a resentment in the child. Often the parent may show impatience when the child wants to "show off" what he has done. A few moments of attention may serve to stimulate the child to more prolonged effort. It is well to remember that in these earlier years the child changes very frequently from one kind of activity to another. He may collect stamps for three weeks and then turn to making a rabbit hutch and then to collecting match cases. This is not necessarily a sign of instability. The parents' participation should not extend to supervision of the task, but rather to encouragement and discussion.

These simple rules are difficult to follow but will inevitably lead the child to the development of habits of leisure-time activity which will stand him in good stead in adult life. The person with a hobby is never bored. If your child has asked in the past week, "Mum, what'll I do?" look over these rules and ask yourself wherein you have fallen down. ✤

Parliament's Lone Lady

Continued from page 60

born in North Dakota, but has lived in Saskatchewan since he was two years old. Elaine, their daughter and only child, wants to become a journalist.

GLADYS STRUM has very definite ideas about what she would like to do.

"I'm tremendously interested in three things: 1. peace, 2. housing and 3. our Metis. We must protect all the people everywhere against the menace of war. Never again must we arm other nations for war and then have them turn their weapons against us. Canada must play its part as a world power in securing a peaceful world.

"Then there's housing. Citizens must have homes. We should get long-term credit with low interest rates. That's where we can use the Bank of Canada. It's exactly that: the people's bank.

"Then I think, too, that Canada has been shockingly neglectful of its Metis population. We simply must do something about them.

"About socialization of our resources: well, I think we certainly should socialize the things that all the people use all the time. We've done it so far as police protection is concerned, the post office, the telephone systems, waterworks, light and power."

About women in public life Mrs. Strum has some definite ideas. She feels it is the home and all that it implies that gives them balance, and that they must be particularly careful not to destroy that very thing that gives them this balance.

"I've leaned over backward in trying to make my own family feel that I'm still wife and mother—still important to them as they are to me. In doing what I can for my family, I retain my own perspective. And believe me, that's important!" ✤

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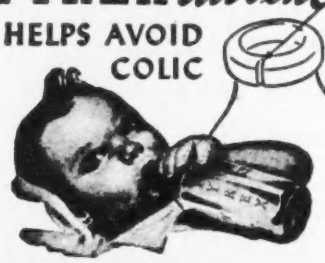
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maintained for 30 minutes by the clock. Stir the milk vigorously every few minutes. Then cool the milk by running very cold water around it or by setting it in a pan of ice and water. This method, of course, takes time and vigilant care. A quicker procedure is to bring the milk to the boil and then cool it rapidly as described above. In this case you do not need a thermometer.

Pasteurized or boiled milk is a little easier to digest than raw milk, and the slight reduction in its vitamin content is quite negligible. There are no valid arguments against pasteurization. It is the only way to make milk safe. Never endanger your family's health by using raw milk.

—

Treatment for Boils

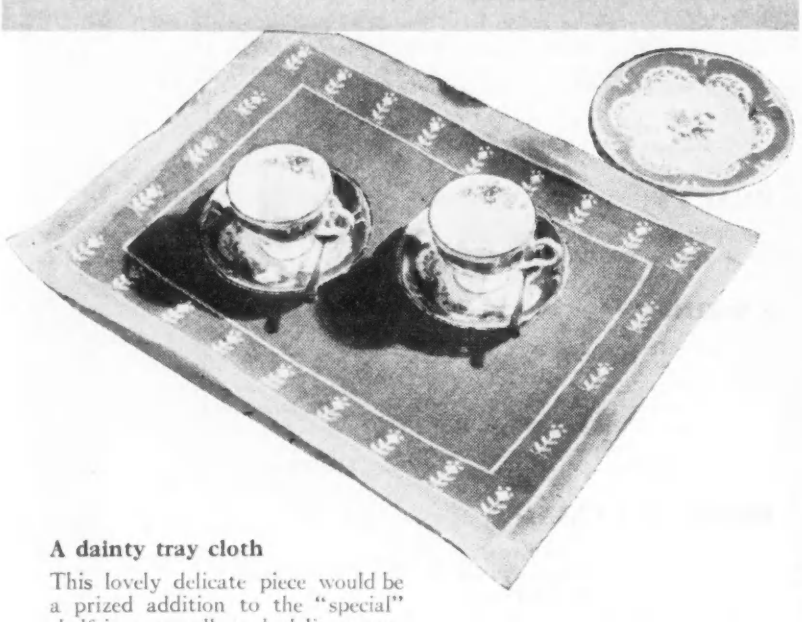
Question—Each month I read your answers to questions on child care, and find them most interesting and helpful. I am now writing for a little advice if you can help me. I have a child of 2½ years who has had one boil after another on his buttocks. The first ones were big, but the recent ones are small. Is there anything I could give him in his diet to help prevent the boils? He is very fond of porridge. Would that have anything to do with boils?—*Mrs. E. M.*

Answer—In regard to your trouble with boils, I would recommend that you have your child examined by your physician and you would be wise to take a sample of urine with you—preferably the one he passed as soon as he woke up.

I would recommend that he have no sugar on his porridge, no cake, cookies, syrup, candies or other really sweet foods. Also, you would be wise not to give him much porridge or bread. Eggs, fruit, vegetables, meat and milk should be stressed.

See that he is not dressed too warmly, as that favors the formation of new boils. You should keep the area scrupulously clean; wipe it off with rubbing alcohol (being careful not to let it run down around the rectum) several times a day. If you see a little red spot appearing, put a little spot of tincture of iodine on it; occasionally that will cause a small boil to disappear. ✚

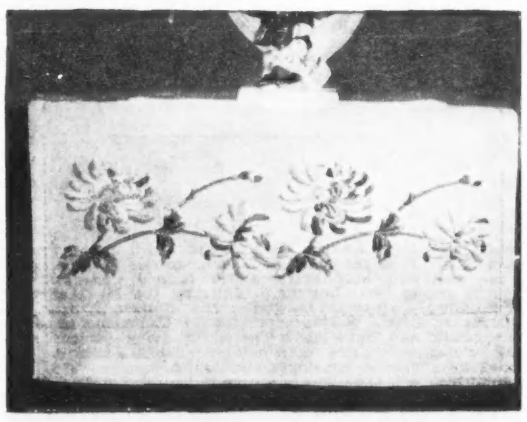
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81



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with its nervous tension weak, tired cranky feelings



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Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

seven, just spent 11 days with us, but she also had to have the tuberculous glands in her neck removed by operation. All these youngsters had been drinking raw milk sold by a dairy in their town. Of course the infected cows were tracked down and destroyed, but if that milk had been pasteurized, all this pain, sorrow and expense would have been avoided. All the milk sold in that town is now pasteurized, you can be sure. Live tuberculosis germs are never found in pasteurized milk, and dead germs are harmless.

Another cow disease that also attacks man is called undulant fever. It is commoner in adults than in children, and the patient is often sick for weeks or even months. Tests have been developed which will show whether cows are suffering from these two diseases, and they are being used more and more by scientific farmers and veterinarians. But even though these tests are good safeguards, they can't take the place of pasteurization, because a cow may develop one of these diseases between tests. In addition, dangerous germs can get into the milk from milkers and other people that handle it. Epidemics of typhoid fever have been caused in this way. In fact, about 20 years ago one large Canadian city had 5,000 of its citizens contract typhoid from infected milk and no less than 500 of them died. Smaller milk-borne epidemics of this disease occur in Canada every year. In 1940, the last year for which I have figures, there was an outbreak of 94 cases with 11 deaths in one of the prairie provinces. Diphtheria and scarlet fever too have been spread by the use of raw milk. The only way to prevent such catastrophies is to pasteurize the milk. Progressive intelligent communities demand and get this health safeguard from their dairies.

Typhoid fever can also be caused by eating infected cheese. In the last seven years before this war, 760 Canadians caught typhoid in this manner and 71 of these people died as a result. Pasteurizing the cheese, or holding it for three months before marketing it, kills the typhoid germs. Alberta has passed a law requiring her cheesemakers to carry out one or other of these procedures. This regulation was put into force in December, 1944. All the other provinces should have similar laws on their statute books. In the meantime, (if you are not fortunate enough to live in Alberta!) you can avoid this danger by buying pasteurized, packaged cheese instead of ordinary Canadian cheddar. Of course the latter can be used safely in foods that are baked or boiled for some time, as for instance casserole dishes.

TO GET back to the question of milk again: what should you do if you can buy no pasteurized milk at your summer home? One simple solution is to use dried whole milk which is relatively cheap if you buy it in large containers. When properly made up with pure water it is equivalent to pasteurized milk in food value.

Another way out of the difficulty is to pasteurize the milk yourself. To do this, you need a dairy thermometer and a large double boiler. If you wish to pasteurize two quarts of milk, you will need a boiler with a capacity of two and a half quarts. Fill the lower part of the boiler half full of water and put the milk and the dairy thermometer in the upper half. Watch the temperature of the milk, and when it reaches 143 deg. push the double boiler back on the stove. Then see that this temperature is

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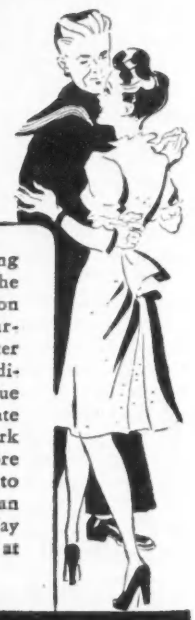
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Working Mothers

FOR THE past several months the lay-off of women workers at the big war plants has been proceeding with such quiet orderliness as to be practically soundless, so far as the general public is concerned. This is rather surprising when you think back to the days of '43 and '44 and remember the flood of predictions and opinions which swirled round the fascinating and enigmatic figure of the Postwar Woman. Would she stay stubbornly on the job or would she go home peaceably? That was the question.

Forecasts have now given way to facts, and the facts are reasonably reassuring to all parties. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports that for the first six months of 1945 the number of women employees was reduced by 25,500 or almost 5%, and the greatest reduction took place in the types of jobs formerly held by men, such as manufacturing, mining and transportation. This does not mean, however, that 5% of the working women population formed the first anxious cluster of unemployed. In the Toronto area Selective Service announced (in mid-July) that there were still far more jobs than there were women to fill them. Though war plants have been laying off, less essential industries are hungry for help; and the reason for this nontransfer of workers should make some of the 1944 headshakers feel happier. For the great majority of the women in overalls and bandannas are going home. With thousands of men returning from overseas, households are being set up or reorganized; in other cases many of the warworkers are going back to their home towns in distant parts of the country; some are taking a long-promised holiday until the fall months.

Up to this point, therefore, it appears the reconversion of womanpower has been achieved without tumult or shouting or cause for alarm. But the story is far from finished. The economic independence which so many women earned for themselves, the self-respect engendered by mastering new skills, and the comradeship of other women in the canteen and rest rooms, will not easily be forgotten. The profit motive is a powerful factor for the individual as for Big Business. A wife or mother who sees an opportunity to raise her family's standard of living by becoming a wage earner will find it irksome indeed if this freedom of choice is denied her.

The case of the working wife and mother is receiving increasing attention in both Britain and the United States, an interesting acknowledgment of the fact that this must be considered as something more than a wartime phenomenon. Surveys in English factories show that while the majority of workers want to resume family life, they would also like to have part-time employment to augment their husbands' incomes. Women's groups in Britain are pressing for expansion of school feeding programs and similar auxiliary services. In the United States, where women constitute almost 40% of the total work force, Washington legislators are considering two separate (and in some respects contradictory) measures: one, the "equal rights" amendment, demanding pay for the job, regardless of sex; the other providing maternity leaves of up to 14 weeks, with job seniority guaranteed on the mother's return. Such straws in the wind indicate not a lessening but a strengthening of the economic currents affecting women. The time may be near when the old conservative cliche, "Woman's place is in the home," may be dropped as useless baggage. But how the individual working mother will stand up to the double life of home and job, year in, year out, giving her best to each and still finding time for personal rest and relaxation, is a problem that awaits complete solution.

Mary-Ellé Macpherson

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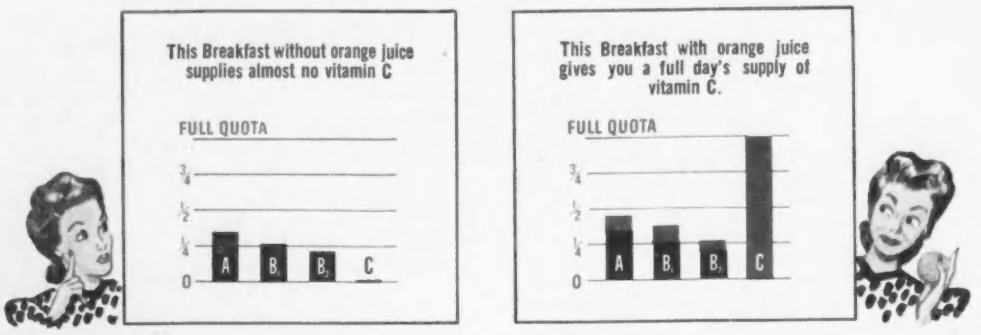
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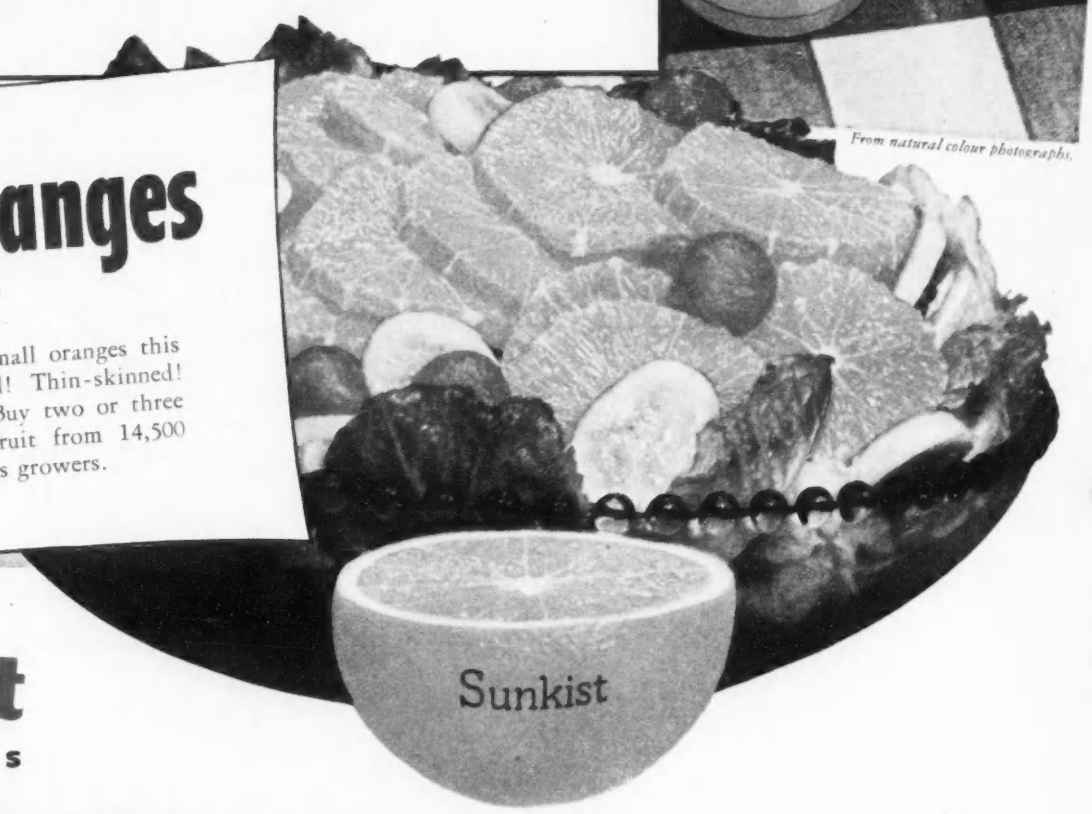


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